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HARPOON

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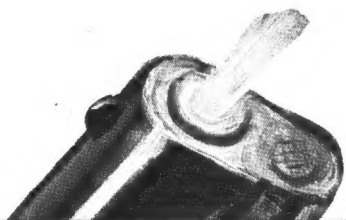


Fish on Parade ————— 21

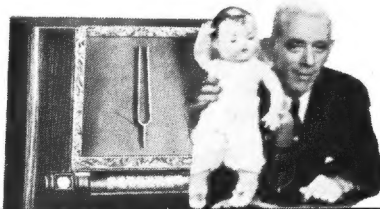
CONTENTS



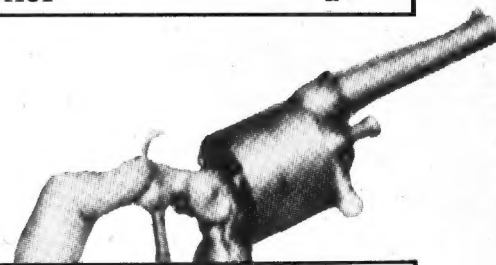
Real Coroner ————— 27



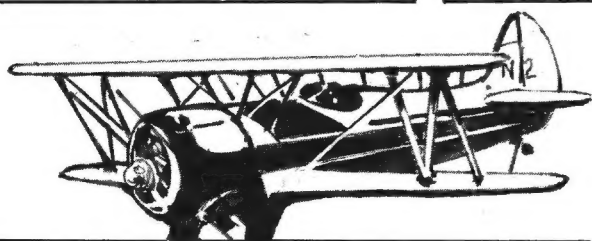
Julie Abducted! ————— 36



The Salteens ————— 38



Great Assassinations 43



White Air Supremacy Comics 39



Ozone Holmes ————— 47

CARTOONS

Bathos Playhouse	18
Smacky Duck	53
Rowdy Noody	54
Captain of My Heart	55
Frogman	62
Land of the Dead	66
Heather & Feather	68

DEPARTMENTS

Editorial Sauce	4
Letters	5
Harping on the News	8
Crooked Books	16
Existential Follies	20
Classified	69
Milestones in Science	70

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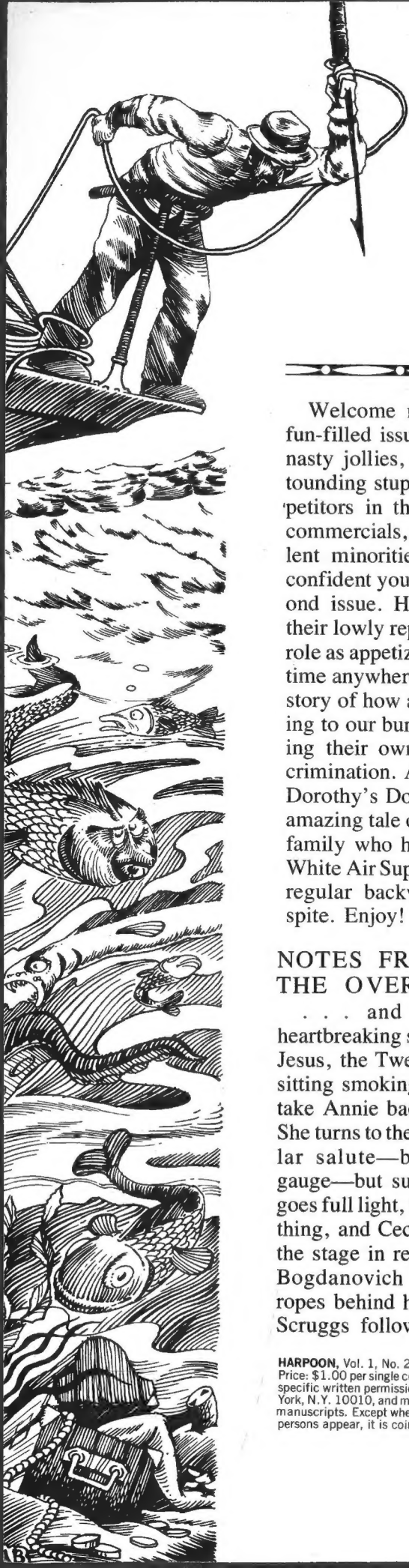
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EDITORIAL

Welcome readers! Thrill to another fun-filled issue of Harpoon loaded with nasty jollies, delectable asides, and astounding stupidity! Since our only competitors in this race to oblivion are tv commercials, game shows, and the indolent minorities across the USA, we're confident you'll be pleased with this second issue. Hoping to spring fish from their lowly reputation as aliens, and their role as appetizers we present, for the first time anywhere, Fish on Parade—the true story of how aquatics are both contributing to our burgeoning society, and holding their own against insufferable discrimination. Also appearing this issue is Dorothy's Do's & Don'ts of dating, the amazing tale of the Salteens—a paralytic family who hail from Long Island, and White Air Supremacy Comix, besides the regular backwash of hooliganism and spite. Enjoy!

NOTES FROM THE OVERGROUND

... and as we return to our heartbreaking story, the Life of Annie B. Jesus, the Twentieth Century Limited is sitting smoking on the tracks waiting to take Annie back to her native Chicago. She turns to the crowd and gives her regular salute—both barrels of the .12 gauge—but suddenly, the entire screen goes full light, full vistavision, full everything, and Cecil B. DeMille runs across the stage in regal robes, dragging Peter Bogdanovich and Robert Altman on ropes behind him. Earl Flatt and Lester Scruggs follow close behind, with the

manager of an Asbury Park nightclub who waves their beer-stained contract. Then comes Andy Griffith who dodges hardballs thrown by the mayor of Mayfield, while whistling the National Anthem and hawking dirty pictures he bought at Cannes. Bela Lugosi and Dr. Chamberlain run along frantically with their props, two beach umbrellas, and then Sam Ervin, wearing the Sam Ervin Medal of Honor, trips by with Walter Brennan. Robert Redford isn't in the parade, he's chain smoking doobies in a Chicago hotel, where bleakness is never an extra charge. Susan Leary is standing 18 stories below on the sidewalk. She's been standing there since 1966 when she lost track of her Dad at a psychedelic celebration. Susan's been wandering around mumbling. Someone tried to lay a road map on her, written by the Rosicrucians, but she just whined more and said she's been out of acid for six years.

We took her to a gas station nearby where Lester Maddox was pumping ethyl, and explained the situation, Lester took over then, in his downhome manner. Yelling "Burn the Bitch!", he stuffed the gas nozzle in her mouth, loaded her up with 4½ gallons of high octane and ran inside for the butane torch. Right after Lester torched her the pumps caught fire, and blew the ground right up in the air, Lester Susan, and all.

We watched casually sipped our Constant Comment tea at a diner across the boulevard. It was a thoroughly provocative morning. After the movie was over, we headed home.

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BETTERS

Dear Editor—

Whena I reada your last issue I laugha so hard my face falla off. My wifa say, "Guido, whya you reada that children's magazina, eh? Thatsa for da bambinos, not for a growna man." Den I showa her da "Balls For Women". She got aso mad she throw da spaghetti all ova me, sauce 'o da tomato too, but she really didn'ta mean it—she fell down ina da sauce with me and we hada good time. Thanksalot.

Guido Sevilla
Mottelsville, N.Y.

Sirs,

I can't figure out Harpoon. I liked "Spoiled Rotten" because it tells how a nice girl can be brought down by a bad crowd. What are you guys up to?

Constance Grace
Amityville, N.Y.

Our next deadline.

Dear Ed.—

I found the fig newton and the sleigh in the Unexplained Illustration you ran last issue, but where is the rabbit?

Greg "Micro-Vision" Wells,
Eaton, La.

Just to the left of the TV.

Dear Harpoon:

I'm 14 and would like to start a humor magazine. Can you tell me how to begin?

Andy Weston
Blooms, Conn.

Think up some jokes.

Dear Harpoon,

You guys are just a big "rip-off". In trying to imitate "Town & Country", which is a fine publication, you've cheapened your own efforts, and how sad they are. Your travel article "Walk the Roads" could never compare with

that last story in T&C about the Bahamas, which are far more interesting than Brief, Delaware, wherever that is.

Disgusted,

Melanie Moss

Grosse Pointe, Mich.

We're gonna try harder.

Dear Editor,

Will Harpoon be doing any articles on whaling or life at sea? I keep writing to you, but no one answers my letters.

Capt. Dave Timble
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear "Editors",

I am a midwesterner, a Methodist, a doctor, and a strict parent who believes in "spare the rod and spoil the child". Yesterday I found my fifteen year old daughter Cynthia reading the foul trash that you publish. You New Yor-

kers are all alike. Smarty-asses and lolly-gaggers whose only recourse is to hide in the big city. Well, let me tell you, I beat my daughter senseless for paying you any attention at all. Your magazine is a degrading and demoralizing periodical. You are all guilty of ruining the minds of my children and others like them. Some day you'll pay.

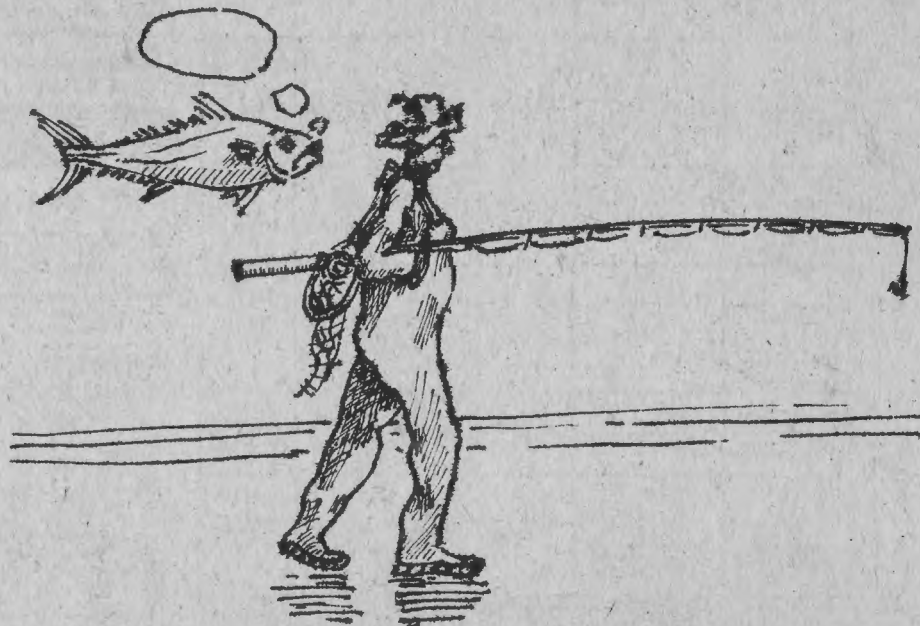
Dr. Wayne
Elkhart, Indiana

Dear Editor,

Who's this guy W.W. Scott really? The picture in Harpoon #1 looks like you dressed up somebody with phony glasses and mustache. Did you, or is he for real?

A. Reader
Boonton, N.H.

They don't come much more genuine than Scotty.



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WORLD'S GREATEST LIAR SPEAKS AGAIN

Few are aware of the enormous role deceit has played in Richard Nixon's life. He is already famous for his talents of omission and misrepresentation, but few appreciate his knack for outright lying. In a recent press conference called to review some of the extraordinary events of the past few months, Nixon said proudly: "I've always been a good liar. Even as a kid I got away with more than I expected to, both at home and at school. Some scoffed at my talents, some admired them. Twice as an adolescent, I lied to policemen and was able to throw blame on others for my own petty delinquency. I have successfully lied all through my political career in order to achieve otherwise unachievable gains. Frankly, I feel those I duped deserved less, because they were stupid enough to believe me."

On August 5 Nixon admitted lying to



Sirica, the House Judiciary Committee, and even his own lawyer, St. Clair. He was asked at the recent news conference why he'd finally admitted his talents. "To show how good I am at it!" he said. "But I may have been lying then too!" he added, throwing the conference into complete confusion. "In 1982 I will reveal a tape that will show I am, and always have been the world's greatest liar." His voice became emotionally charged and he said: "There may be some of you out there who think they've figured me out, but let me make one thing perfectly clear: you'll never label me and you'll never understand me. I'm an enigma, a mystery, not a foregone conclusion!"

Reporters left dismayed, wondering whether Nixon's claims would be challenged by other politicians or corporate leaders.

ANIMALS THREATEN WALKOUT

Amidst talk of discontent in San Diego and other major zoos across the country, animals at the Bronx Zoo announced this week their intention to go on strike if union demands are not immediately met.

"This is no wildcat strike," stated Sam Snake, president of the Zoo Animals Benevolent Association. "We don't want to bite the hand that feeds us, but we demand to be treated with the respect to which every animal is entitled. Management's refusal to throw even a few crumbs our way was the straw that broke the camel's back."

Animals at the zoo have several grievances with management. A major issue concerns the transportation of animals to and from their homes throughout the New York metropolitan area. "It's just impossible for some of us to get to work on time from our homes in Westchester," said Timothy Tiger, described by some animals as one of the "fat cats" of the union. "We demand a private parking area for jaguars and cougars and the formation of car pools for seals and walruses."

Conditions are so deplorable at present that many animals are actually forced to stay in their cages overnight. ZABA is demanding the immediate construction of appropriate dormitory facilities with adequate recreation facilities, including monkey bars for both New and Old World monkeys and a chilled swimming pool for penguins and other polar aquatics.

ZABA members have expressed general dissatisfaction with working conditions at the zoo. "They treat us like cat-



Monkeys at the Bronx Zoo air complaints. Some masturbated publicly in direct defiance of zoo rules.

tle," said union representative Bill Bison. Boredom and over-crowding have resulted in a serious problem of promiscuity and sexual deviance among restless young lions, tigers, and leopards. One young lion who wishes to remain anonymous was quoted as saying that living in his building at the zoo is "like living in a Big Cat House." Several black panther leaders have proposed the organization of a back to Africa movement for some of the heavy cats. "We refuse to be treated like dogs," said a panther spokesman.

An improved pay scale is another of the union's demands. "We're tired of working for peanuts and chickenfeed,"

agreed Elmer Elephant and Robert Rooster. The ZABA is also demanding improved hospitalization and insurance benefits. With many animals living no more than a few years, the seeming indifference of management to the problem of animal mortality is truly astounding. In the words of Barney Bullfrog, "they don't care if we croak."

At this time, zoo officials are optimistic about the chances of avoiding an animal walk-out. ZABA spokesmen, however, are taking a firm stand on their demands. "We are prepared to compromise," said Sam Snake, "but we will not come crawling to management on our bellies."

JEOPARDY

"Jeopardy," the popular television quiz show, caused quite a stir last week when it debuted a new category to replace such old standbys as "Hodge Podge," "Potpourri," "Odds n Ends" and "Alphabet Soup."

"We figure it's about time we get down to basics," announced smiling moderator Art Fleming, who then revealed the new category—"Bullshit." As the studio audience gasped, Fleming hinted that another new category, soon to replace "Guys 'n Dolls," will be called "Dongs 'n Twats."

CANCER STICK

COLD CREEK, WIS.—Authorities say that Clarence Stills, a local youth who had disappeared years before, recently raced through the Mercedes Emergency Hospital cancer ward with a so-called cancer stick. According to Butch Heard, hospital administrator, "Clarence was all nude except for these itty bitty jewels he had pasted all over his body. He ran from patient to patient crazy-like just pointing his stick and shouting 'Zap!

Zap! Cancer gone! Ya! Ya!, Zap! Zap! Cancer gone! Ya! Ya!'" Later the youth was seen disappearing into Northland Woods, waving his stick, shaking his body, and yelling: "I done it! Ram-a-lam-a-ding dong, bop sha bop sha bop!" Milton Helpling, Milwaukee's chief medical examiner, reports, however, that at last count "less than half of the patients receiving Stills' treatment were actually cured of cancer."

TERRORIST AIRLINE SAYS FLY ME

The Palestine Liberation Organization, the Arab terrorist group best known for its many skyjackings, has decided to launch its own commercial airlines rather than to continue commandeering other planes.

"We have determined that it is far more practical to operate our own planes than it is to hijack others, try and find a place to land them—and then blow them up," a spokesman said.

The new airline, to be known as Palestine Pal O'Mine, will consist of two jumbo jets completely renovated to include, according to the spokesman, "such luxury services as increased leg room for bound and gagged hostages, a convenient on-board rack for explosives and tasty, nutritious kosher meals for Jewish political prisoners."

A TV ad, soon to be aired, features a smiling Yassir Arafat, the leader of the terrorist organization, who says: "Fly me. I'm Yassir and I was born to fly and even die for the sake of the Zionist-oppressed Palestinian people who have been made homeless by the imperialist Zionists and their fantastically wealthy American Jewish supporters."

The new airline is sponsoring two come-on gimmicks to attract business: a Grenade Day, where every child accompanied by a parent will receive one live grenade; and a "half-scare" policy, allowing for stand-byes, college students and children under the age of two to be submitted to only half of the normal on-board tortures and scare-tactics.



Buyers and traders parley over the recent herring egg market collapse. To keep prices up, full-scale genocide is being discussed behind closed doors.

FISH-EGG MARKET COLLAPSES

Due to a sudden proliferation of albino herring eggs, the market on the Caspian Sea, which sets herring egg prices world-wide, was thrown into a chaotic condition months ago, and now has wound up in a disastrous collapse. Prices nose-dived from their 1973 high of \$1.78 per kilo to 49¢ per kilo today. Experts disagree as to the cause of the market gyrations: some attribute losses to the Comet Kohoutchek, though the pro-Arab faction lays the blame on Israel's doorsill.

Further checking disclosed a like trend in the prices of several other victuals. Take for instance the possum gilet problem. Here again, for reasons unfathomable to zoologists and probably even to the

possums themselves, during 1973 all breeds of the family, with one exception, went on a breeding binge. Result: an enormous over supply of young possums and a corresponding over abundance of possum gilets. The exception to this fertility kick was the Aegean "Lesbian cum laude", never highly esteemed as a gilet source in any case because, through some vagary on the part of M. Nature, all the gilets come up gizzards. The scare has caused what experienced observers claimed was the "softest possum gilet market in decades" with many breeders going bankrupt; some were even driven to consuming their own product in order to sustain consciousness.

NIXON TO REMAIN AT WHITE HOUSE

White House lawyers for President Nixon and Special Watergate Prosecutor Leon Jaworski have reached an historic compromise regarding whether Mr. Nixon should be allowed to remain in office or be removed.

The compromise, reached this week, will allow Mr. Nixon to remain in the White House not only until 1976, when his term expires, but on through 1980. In addition, Mr. Nixon will be allowed to have such men as H.R. Haldemann, John Ehrlichman, Charles Colson, Bebe Rebozo, John Mitchell and Jeb Magruder join him at the White House.

However, as stipulated by Jaworski, the White House will become a Federal

prison, effective immediately.

"We felt it was an extremely effective and practical move," said Jaworski. "Richard Nixon has been fighting very hard to stay in the White House so we will let him. Actually, it's an ideal prison. It's already protected by tall gates and armed guards, and it's large enough to accommodate all the Watergate criminals. And by keeping Mr. Nixon and his cohorts at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue until 1980 we feel the American people will be safe from further acts to undermine our democracy."

According to reports, the White House Blue Room will be inhabited by blue collar criminals, the Red Room will be

reserved for those who committed more violent deeds and the Gold Room will house those who embezzled funds. It is also believed that Gerald Ford has chosen to make Canton, Ohio the new home of the Presidency so that he can be close to the Football Hall of Fame.

Although Mr. Nixon was unavailable for comment following the historic announcement, his daughter Julie said that her father was in good spirits about the decision. "After all my father in the White House has been isolated from the American people for five years—so what's six more to him? And he's quite happy that Mr. Rebozo has agreed to share the Oval Cell with him."

RIOT QUELLED AT BURGER KING



Workmen search for bodies with crane amidst rubble left by rioting fast-food customers. Argument started over car-hop's refusal to issue mustard packet with a hamburger.

MASON CITY, IA.—Police in Mason City reported today that the rioting at the Big Chief Burger King drive-in restaurant, which resulted in three deaths, 58 injuries, and the total destruction of the restaurant and nearby environs, had been quelled and that the National Guard was now under control.

According to police spokesman Herbert Arnell Jr., "the spark that started the raging fire of unbridled human emotions" was carhop Betty Jean May's refusal to give customer Marvin Babcock a mustard packet for his daughter's hamburger. Babcock protested that his daughter always had mustard on her hamburger and not "the other junk [catsup]." Carhop May replied that the Burger King's policy was that a mustard packet went only with a *hot dog* and she could do nothing further about the situation.

At this point, Arnell continued, Babcock grabbed for a mustard packet he claimed he saw sticking out of the carhop's blouse. When she pulled away the blouse ripped accompanied by, some witnesses say, Babcock's daughter yelling "Give it to her! Give it to the bitch!" Jimmie Joe Jackson, a local youth, entered the fracas and got into a fist fight with Babcock. Babcock's two friends, Richmond Kelsey and Pritchard Kennedy, sitting two cars away, jumped onto Jackson. "Lord, it became completely unbridled then," said Arnell. "Americans young and old were using guns and knives and chains and just everything. People were falling right and left."

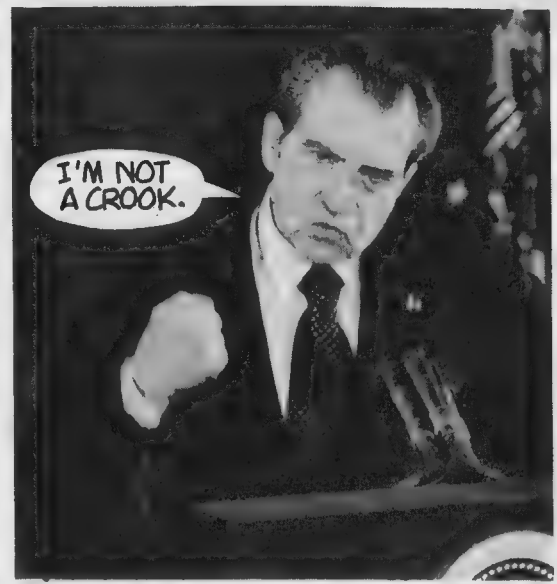
Arnell has called for the FBI to investigate possible Communist involvement in the affair. "One of our men is sure he saw that Babcock fellow near an abortion clinic last week," he stated.

REBELS STILL ALIVE

Much publicity was recently given to the Japanese soldier who emerged from the Philippine jungles after 30 years, but few people know that at least a dozen Confederate soldiers are still hiding out in a rural area of Mississippi.

The Rebel soldiers, now about 130 years old, have spent most of their time burying Confederate money. They venture out of their hiding place only to fish, swim, pick berries and shoot Negroes.

The stubborn Southerners say they will not surrender until directed to by General Robert E. Lee himself. When told that Gen. Lee is dead, they replied: "Bullshit. He's so tough he'll even outlive that hairy giant, Lincoln!"



The President takes time out at United Nations for his favorite game: tic tac toe. Kissinger lost to Dick's 3 X's.





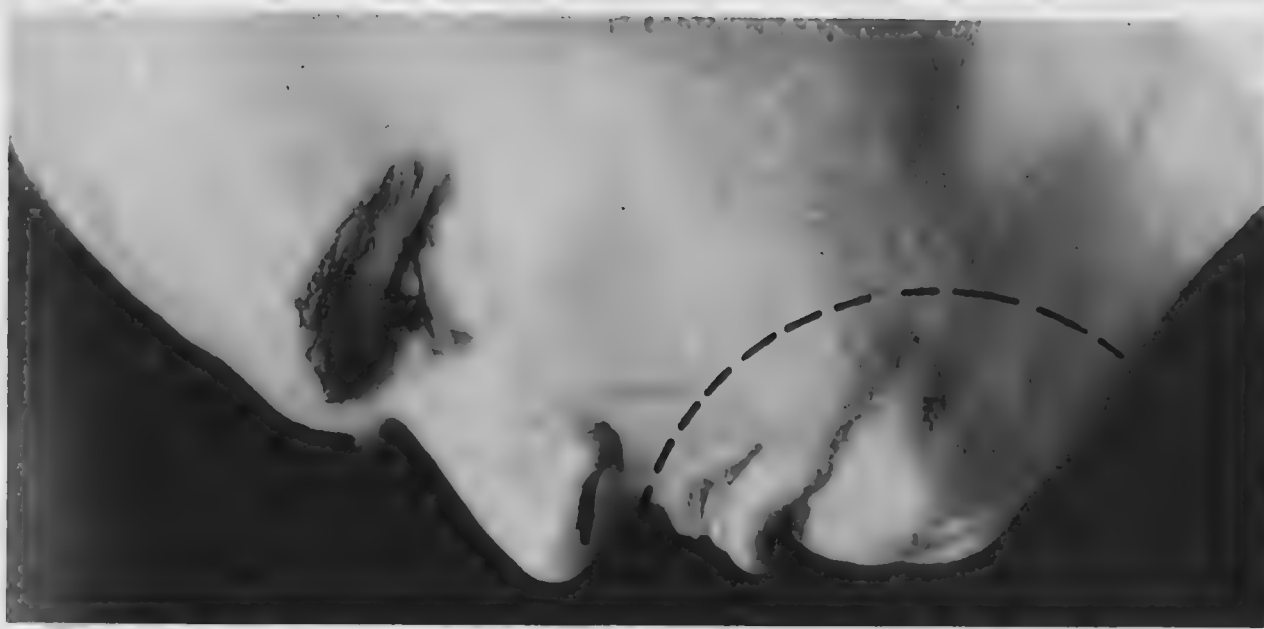
Attorney James St. Clair responds to a reporter's question regarding how big a shmuck he feels Mr. Nixon is.



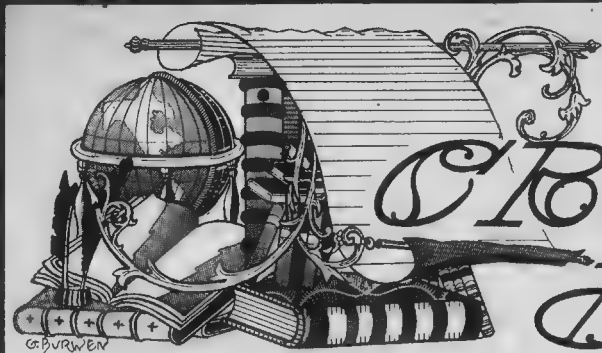
PIN THE LIP ON ERLICHMANN

Rules:

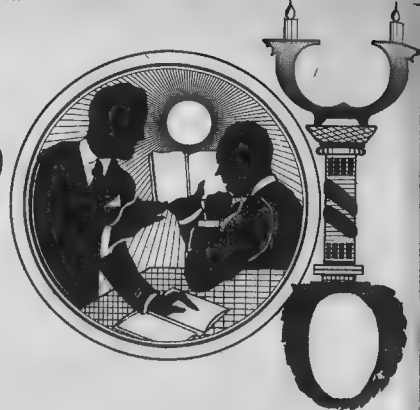
1. Cut out lip and target-picture of Erlichmann.
2. Contestants must be blindfolded and turn around three times before trying the game.
3. Object of game is to place lip nearest to bullseye.
4. Winner wins whistle-stop tour of U.S. prisons.



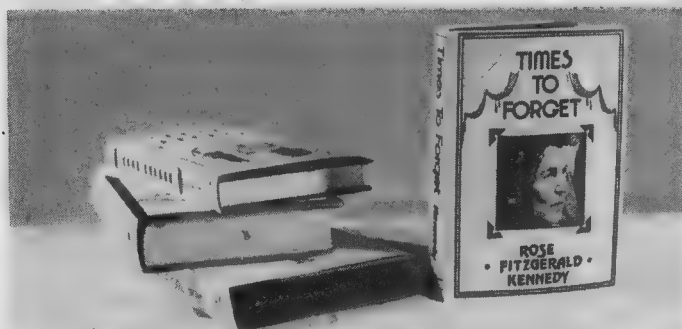




CRACKED BOOKS



Edited by
G. Ross



TIMES TO FORGET

By Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy
Doubleday, \$8.95 New York

"Like most big families, ours has been blessed with many lovely funerals," begins the former First Mother in her touching memoir of her famous family and their final farewells.

Now in her 80's and a bit daft, Mrs. Kennedy spends a large part of this book rating the funerals she has attended. She concludes that the final rites for son John were "of course the biggest, and best remembered," but also gives high marks to those of sons Robert and Joe Jr. as well as daughter Kathleen and husband Joseph Sr.

Other memorable services listed by the obsessed Mrs. Kennedy are services for Bobby's in-laws (killed in a plane crash) and "that Kopechne girl, a friend of Teddy's, I believe."

"They were all such lovely funerals, each in their own way," she recalls fondly. "It's not often a mother gets to see so many close ones go under." And later she notes: "Funerals take a lot of hard work and careful planning—but it's all worth it when you can make so many people cry."

And with 12-year-old grandson Edward Kennedy Jr. suffering from cancer, America's most revered woman confides that she's "planning ahead."

When not compiling lists of little Teddy's school mates or arranging church seating arrangements, Mrs. Kennedy says that she divides her time between going to Mass, granting interviews to women's magazines, trying to learn her grandchildren's names, and endorsing feminine deodorants ("you're never too old to smell").

Written in a vague style which accurately reflects the author's increasing senility, the book nevertheless offers several quite interesting revelations.

One is that Mrs. Kennedy's husband Joe was in such a catatonic state during his last years that, in his wife's words, "it took us three days to realize he'd died."

Another is that, contrary to popular belief, Mrs. Kennedy would like very much to see her last son, Teddy, run for the Presidency. And what of the fear of assassination?

"Oh wouldn't it be grand to have all four sons go down in glory for their country," gushes Mrs. Kennedy, who confesses that she's been spending more and more time visiting rarely-discussed daughter Rosemary at "The Home."

In truth, the former Woman of the Year is already at work planning the details of the Final Funeral, which she figures will take place during the 1976 Presidential campaign (if she can convince Teddy to run). Mrs. Kennedy reveals that she has already conferred with several top morticians and hopes to have a well-embalmed Teddy propped in a standing position, mouth set in an eternal grin, shaking hands with mourners as they file by his bier. "It would be the ultimate political act," she muses.

She also states that noted biographer Jim Bishop ("The Day Lincoln Was Shot," "The Day Christ Died") has been commissioned to write the story of that inevitable tragic day.

After giving this memoir considerable reflection, this reviewer can recommend it as a document which eloquently—though unwittingly—underscores the need for heavy sedation for the elderly.



POOR PEOPLE

Henry Robinson Ellsworth
Praeger, New York City, 76 pp.

Poor people. We've all heard about them; some of us have even seen them. As you probably know they come in all colors, sizes and sexes and suffer from different kinds of deprivations. But what are they really like? What do they think about? Dream about? What does it feel like to go to bed with your stomach growling every night? Well, Henry Robinson Ellsworth tells all, and for those readers with a strong stomach it is an enthralling story.

Mr. Ellsworth spent seven days with the Golden family of New York City's Upper West Side. The family, with an annual income under \$25,000, "exists almost entirely on an unfilling but stomach-bloating diet of hamburgers, french fries, and Coca Cola." The husband and wife are "forced to sleep in the same bed," and their two children live in one tiny

BEST SELLER LIST

This Week

Weeks on List

- 1 **THE LATE DR. ATKINS' DIET REVOLUTION**, by Dr. Robert Atkins. (Putnam's, \$7.95) The controversial high-calorie way to peel off pounds and keep them off forever—by prying excess blubber off with a hatchet. May be harmful, warned the former 300 lb. Atkins, who bled to death after experimenting—but weighed a trim 155' at his funeral. 16
- 2 **WALKING**, by Studs Terkel (Pantheon, \$10) A master interviewer elicits a wide variety of people's innermost thoughts about their manner of gait—including distance covered per day and which foot comes first. Great gift for invalids and shut-ins. 13
- 3 **THE HAPPY HYMEN**, by Xaviera Holland (Knopf, \$6.95) The famed professional virgin from the Netherlands details how she keeps herself in minks and intact by never kissing on the first date. 21
- 4 **THE JOYS OF NOSE PICKING**, by Alex Comfort, M.D. (Doubleday, \$12.95) A raunchy and frank tour of the body's most sensuous orifice—the nasal canal. This connoisseur's guide to the tickle, the pinch, 68, the spear, the you-pick-mine-I'll-pick-yours and many more nasal delights is a must for mature adults with a "nose" for pleasure. Lavishly illustrated. 97
- 5 **HORS D'OEUVRE: Recipes From the Andes Survivors**, by Piers Paul Bred (Random, \$9.95) Those fun-loving South Americans who survived a plane crash ordeal by eating their dead companions herein offer dozens of delightful delicacies of the deceased, including such recipes as Warmed Over Death, Vinegar Mortis and Eternal Breast. 22

- 6 **I'M O.K. BUT I'VE GOT MY DOUBTS ABOUT YOU**, by Thomas A. Harris, M.D. (Harper & Row, \$7.95) A practical guide to Transitional Analysis based on the medically-established Peter Principle ("the bigger the Peter, the sweeter you'll greet 'er") and the totally irrelevant Law of Diminishing Returns. 43
- 7 **PEE ON THIS BOOK!**, by Abbie Hoffman (Harcourt, \$5.95) The YIPPIE leader's sequel to *Steal This Book* is an outrageous rip-off because all of its 246 pages are blank—but still a bargain at \$5.95. Bring your own tissue paper. 19
- 8 **THE PHILOSOPHY OF KUNG FU**, Edited by David Carradine (Yellow Press, \$13.95) "Just as a pebble causes ripples in the ocean, so too does an emory board." Just one of the 100 semi-wise sayings and worthless Oriental platitudes gathered from the ancient Book of the Shlock. Finest morsel: "Look deep into the eyes of a smokefish; your heart will find peace; your stomach—nausea." 35
- 9 **ONCE IS TOO MUCH**, by Jacqueline Susann (Knopf, \$6.95) In this snail-paced autobiography, the horse-faced author of *Valley of the Dolls* reveals her own true feelings toward the sexual experience. 20
- 10 **FLAT TIRES OF THE GOES**, by Prof. Eric von Haarpichord (Putnam, \$8.95) The professor's theory is that not only did creatures from other worlds once come to Earth, but that most of them still reside in Idaho. Provocative, but hard to prove. 72

room filled with a pitiful collection of colored boxes and torn books. The Golden apartment is "controlled" and so, apparently, are their lives as they "spend five hours or more each day watching television." When they must travel distances they go via sub-way, a device which carries their kind underground "all crammed together." It is a frightening existence and Mr. Ellsworth tells their story well. Thankfully we are spared the story of an even poorer family. "For hygienic reasons," remarks the author, "I passed on that one." While this is a depressing book it should be read and reread by every concerned citizen for, as Ellsworth says, "we *all* have two legs, two arms, two eyes, a nose, and the rest of the parts of the human body."

DEATH AND THE SINGLE GIRL

By Helen Girly Brown
Dire Books, N.Y. \$1.95 123 pp.

COSMOPOLITAN editor Brown has written another invaluable guide—this one for the many young women who find it difficult to land a man because they are dead. As she explains at the outset, "it's rough enough to compete in the marriage game when a girl is very tall, short, fat, plain or insecure. But when she's legally dead she's really at a disadvantage."

Yet Miss Brown maintains a never-say-die attitude, for it is her firm belief that "there's a guy for every girl on this earth—or below it." She suggests that dead girls (or, as she prefers to call them, "femme fatales") apply "gobs of rouge, keep a stiff upper lip—which shouldn't be too difficult under the circumstances—and try to meet new people."

Where, besides Forest Lawn, can a dead girl meet other young people? "There are scads of marvelous places where The Dead Set meet," she writes, noting that the ghost towns of the Old West are especially popular. Miss Brown tells of a young woman friend named Marilyn who had been severely depressed ever since her death but who finally agreed to attend a Dearly Departed Party in Dry Gulch, Arizona. "The results were fantastic," pens the COSMO editor. "Marilyn not only

had a marvelous time, meeting such desirable men as Chet Huntley, Jimi Hendrix and Roberto Clemente, but she fell in love with 'Bonanza' star Dan Blocker and is now his steady stiff. Just last week she called to tell me she's on Shroud Nine."

As a self-proclaimed optimist, Miss Brown chides those young women who "let themselves go simply because they're dead. Death is nothing to be ashamed of," she asserts, "and it is certainly no excuse for maintaining poor grooming habits." She advises the use of such COSMO Comatose Cosmetic Care products as Kiss of Death lipstick and Heavenly Hair Die hair dye ("Only Your Mortician Will Know You're Dead").

Miss Brown ends this important work on an optimistic note. "Remember," she cautions her lifeless readers, "ever since 'Love Story,' death is In. This is the age of the New Mortality. And whenever you get depressed just look at the bright side—you'll never have to go through messy menopause."

A perfect Christmas gift for one's dead friends and relatives.



THE ORANGE FOOT

Temple Scott
Random House. New York City 365 pp.

A man's foot turns orange and he wonders why. He asks his wife. His friends. Doctors. Finally, at an advanced age, he dies.

THE BATHOS PLAYHOUSE

presents

"End of the Line"

JUSTIN GREEN



LOVE IS LIMBO, SORT OF,
WHEN YOU CAN'T BE SATISFIED.



MOREOVER, LOVE IS 100-000,
'CAUSE YOUR CLOTHES GET DEIFIED.



LOVE CAN GET LIKE JUDO,
IF YOUR SOUL IS OPEN WIDE.



LOVE WILL DRIVE YOU CUCKOO
IF SHE GOES OUT ON THE SIDE.



LOVE SURE IS A LULU
WHEN IT ENDS IN SUICIDE.



ARE YOU JUST A CHOO-CHOO
TO SOME MATADRESS BRIDE?



CLOUDS OF NAILS WAIT FOR YOU
AT THE END OF YOUR LAST RIDE.

OLE!

SWISH!

WHUMP!

AIEEEE

EXISTENTIAL FOLLIES

by Joachim Thernal

A TALE FOR GEORGINA

"Shall I tell you a story?" said Uncle Mathew to Georgina.

"D'ya haveta?" she said. But, seeing that he looked hurt, she told him to go ahead.

"Once upon a time . . ." he began quickly.

"Is it long?" asked Georgina.

"If you keep interrupting me it will be that much longer."

Georgina pressed her lips together and pulled her shoulders up to her ears as if she was sitting in an air raid shelter under bombardment.

" . . . there was this hot-dog salesman," continued Uncle Mathew.

"You told me that one," said Georgina. "He couldn't stand the barking."

"They weren't really barking," said Uncle Mathew. "You must understand: he only thought they were."

"Can I have a puppy for my birthday?"

"So he sold his hot-dog stand and bought a partnership in a pet store."

"But-he-still-could-not-stand-the-barking," said Georgina.

"They only had fish in this pet store. Tropical fish, salt-water fish, goldfish, turtles, chameleons, etc. etc."

"But he still could not stand the barking. Right?"

"Right," said Uncle Mathew. "Of course, he . . ."

" . . . only *thought* they were barking."

"You do understand that?" said Uncle Mathew.

"Of course," said Georgina. "Like when the baby sees me, he only *thinks* I pinch him and starts screaming."

"That's not the same thing."

"I really like your stories," said Georgina. "They're neat. Can I go now?"

"Don't you want to hear the ending?"

"I remember the ending. I think all the fish drown or something. Right?"

"Wrong! You missed the whole point of the story. What happened was that one day the fish stopped barking. That's when the hot-dog salesman became apprehensive. He began to worry that they might all drown. ■

SOLITUDE IS

John always says he has to be alone to be really creative. "Solitude is the Mother of Creativity," he says. He even got his aunt to embroider the words in-colored silks on mauve canvas. He thought it would give her something to do. But she lost interest after the first two words.

When he is in one of his especially creative moods, John double-locks his door, ignoring his aunt who has to pass through his room to go to the john, but gets very resentful when she pounds on the door and screams to let her through.

He feels she is interfering with his creativity.

The last time he locked himself in, he got so absorbed in what he was doing, he kept right on working until his painting was finished. Only then did he unlock the door.

Just outside, on the floor, in a pink bathrobe, sat his aunt, whimpering.

He asked her if she wanted to see his painting. She got up and went straight to the bathroom.

"There's no hot water, no toilet paper, no soap, and no towels," she said when she came back. "The servants aren't doing anything any more."

John said he would talk to the servants.

"I thought you said we didn't have any servants," said his aunt triumphantly.

"How do you like my new painting?" said John.

His aunt said she didn't think it looked at all like a sunset.

"I think it is a woman trying to get through a locked door," said John.

"You must understand that it is very abstract and highly symbolic."

"I thought you were going to paint a sunset," said his aunt. "There's absolutely nothing more beautiful in the whole world than one of those sunsets."

"I'm way past that sort of thing. This is an important artistic statement full of profound philosophical implications. Do you realize that there are people who go through life knocking at closed doors?"

"I think you should have painted something cheerful," she said. "Being profound doesn't necessarily make it cheerful!" ■

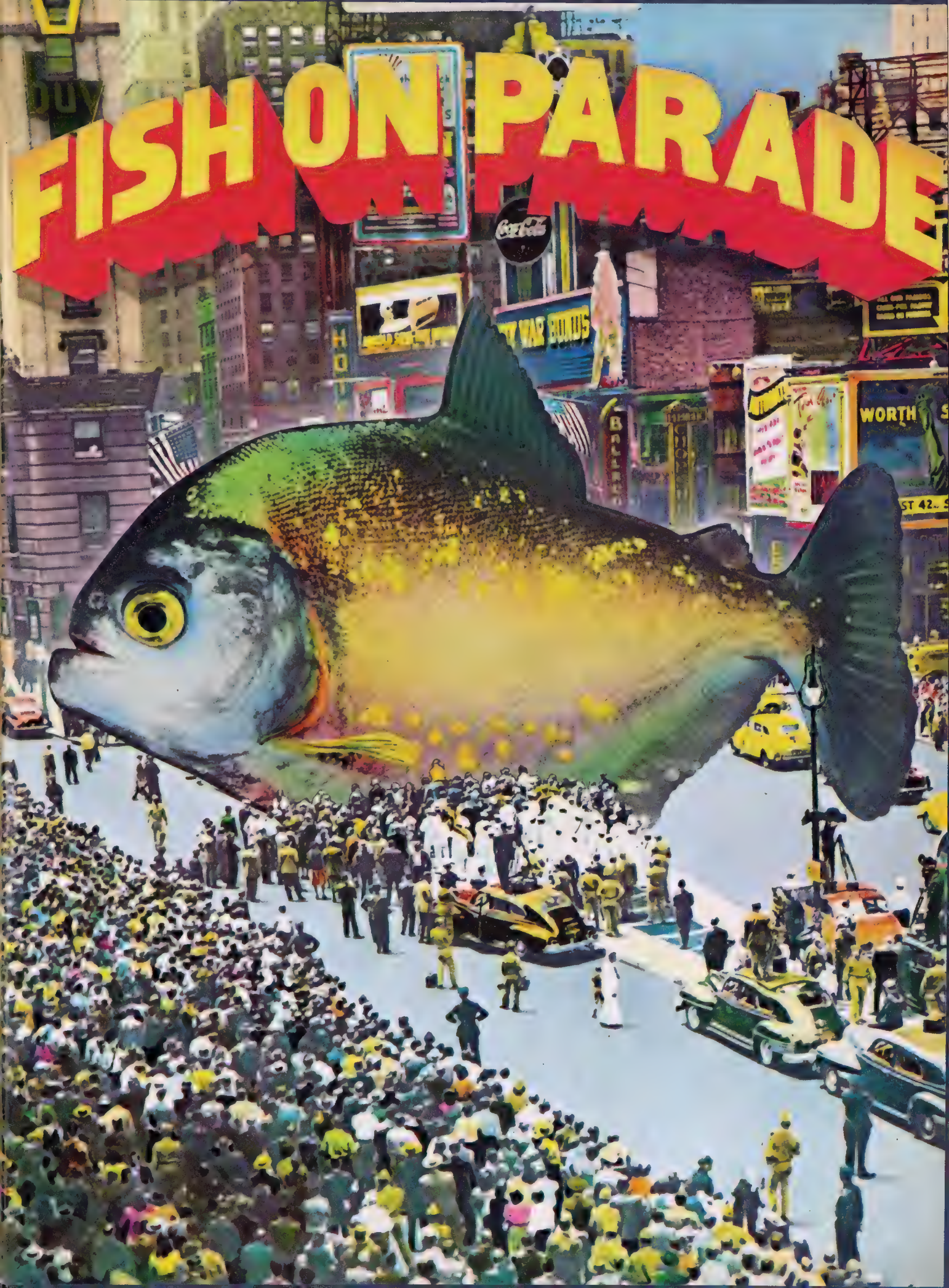
Be An Expert With Binoculars



- See small objects clearly at a distance!
- Spot danger in time to do something about it!
- Fascinate others with descriptions of world you see!

It's true. Anyone can buy binoculars, but few can operate them with the skill demanded of a professional. This demanding job opportunity opened up during the second world war. Each year thousands more are needed. You can make big money, be the envy of other men who remain chained to their desks with boring indoor work. You go out, look around for others, like frontier scout of old. Wear clothing you want, not institutional uniforms. Stop anytime for coffee or a cigarette—who'll know? When you see others using binoculars you'll be able to give them a hand with valuable pointers. They'll respect you. Others will seek your advice at football games, at picnics, annual outings. Three-week course includes looking to right and left, up, down, even behind you. You'll learn focusing tricks, various ways to carry binoculars, how to choose a neckstrap and ultrasophisticated techniques, like using binoculars with a flashlight to see at night. Government jobs will be yours for the asking, big industry will be knocking on your door. You work like big city detective or bounty hunter, hiring out only for the jobs that appeal to you. Write today for descriptive brochure and lists of schools offering course in your area.

Biovision
Box 41
Kansas City, KA 67401





Campus Fad

Here, Mary Tush, undergraduate at the Tulsa School of Scientology, gets with the newest college fad! Assisting her is Suzy Snipper and friends. Imagine the envy of her classmates, now that her picture's appeared in a famous magazine!

Fish Psychiatrist

Myron Thimble, fish psychiatrist and collector of rare bulletin boards examines a mutant neurotic. He pinches the tail to relax the fish, and then will tease it with water to cajole intimate secrets from the patient. (Myron is co-author of "I'm OK, You're A Fish")

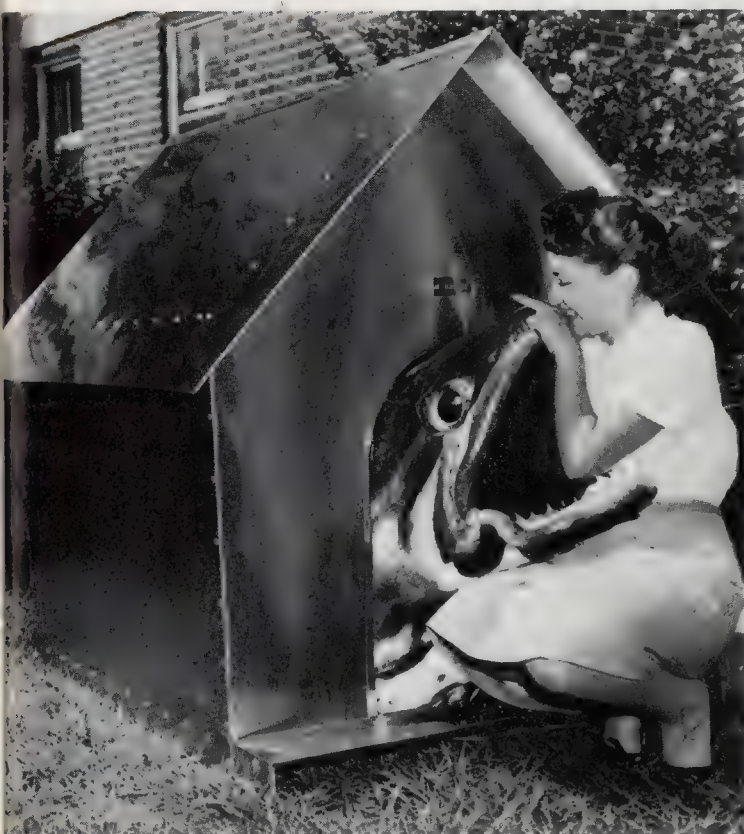
22



Our Little Wet
Brothers Doing
Their Part
In Society

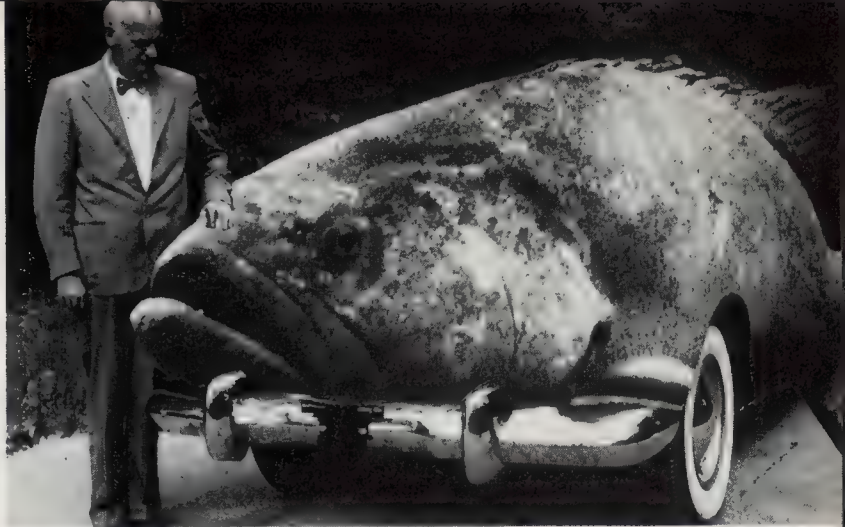
Workaday Fish

We're willing to stand up for fish. While they've more than done their part in our society, working to help mankind, they still suffer the ignorance of the public at large, and the abuse of a biased country! Here are just a few of the roles modern fish are playing, followed by a showcase sampling of exemplary fish heros.



The American Family

... is never complete without the household pet. As pets, bigmouth bass make fine friends, and can be kept in a steel fish house just as easy as a dog. Brucie is faithful to his master's call—fish are typically loyal and smarter than you might think!



Autofish

Seen here is Ben Williams, inventor and designer of the Studebaker Fish. Carries four passengers, and runs on normal gasoline. By crossing a grouper with a good American chassis, the design was an instant success in South Bend, Indiana, and will go into production this fall.



Workfish

On the high plains of the fertile Sahara nothing comes in handier to the farmer than the workfish. Strapped to a plow or bushel basket, the animal can pull heavy loads and withstand high desert temperatures.

Gives Body to Science

Many people are unaware that a fish can be kept in a yard easily. Here we see Vera Loads and Dr. Switburn of the Brooklyn Institute of Fish going through the daily routine with a gracious Crappie who's donated his body to science.



Miss Aquatic America

Winning out over these glamorous beauties means a lot of hard training, dieting, exercise and self-discipline. Just to show up friends who said "You'll never win", this grouper entered and took first prize!

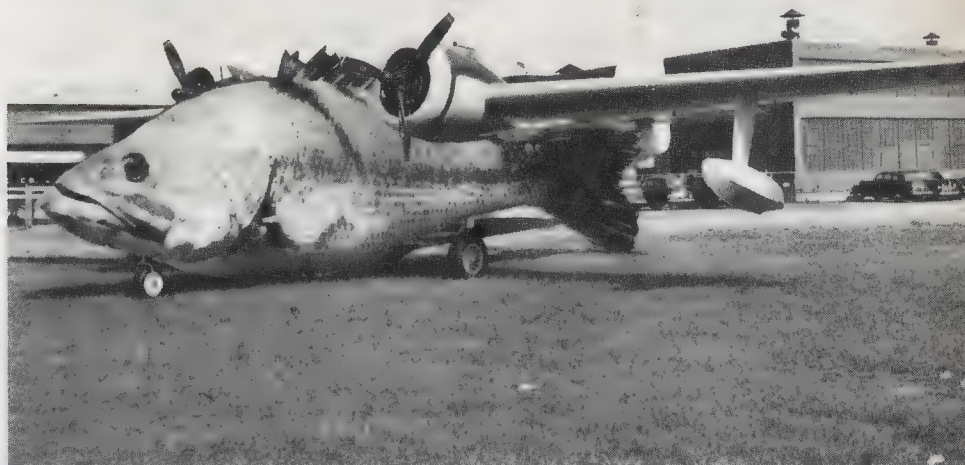
Sturgeon Joins New York Yankees

This Sturgeon joined the Yankees this season, and has already stolen 14 bases in regular play. Here, a disgruntled second baseman vainly tries to at least get the second half of the double-play. The lightning speed of the sturgeon is just a random example that shows the great future fish have in sports.



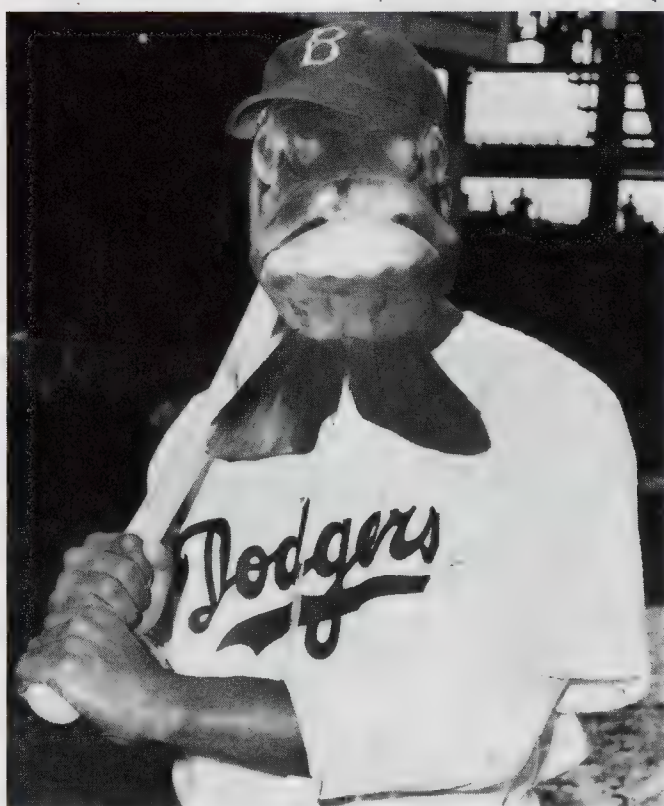
Fish Heros

Exemplary Fish
Standing as Credits
to Their Race



Fly Me! I'm Aerofish

Another hardworking fish serving the flying public. Also used as a cargo plane, the aero fish is an excellent front-loader and trouble-free in rainstorms. Used in many overseas airlifts and in regular foreign-aid to needy countries.



Jackie Fishmanson

Clean-Up batter for the Dodgers, and an indispensable part of the team. The fighting spirit of Jackie and others like him are a credit to all fish, and have helped tremendously in allaying initial fears and prejudices on the part of the ballpark public.



Fish in Hollywood

They've been too long relegated to bit parts, or seen only underwater. But McFish Barrymore, here posing with Estelle Crump, star of stage and screen, has made quite a reputation in Hollywood. Casting directors are always after him, but he'll only accept major roles, and refuses comedy work. Here's a scene from "Wet My Coffee Cup."

Aquatic Thugs

Fish Hoodlums are often responsible for the bad name fish everywhere have suffered. Below are some of those indicted or wanted, lest we mix the heros with the undeserving.

F.B.I. MOST WANTED FISH



SHITFISH:

Height: 4 inches

Weight: up to 25 lbs.

Comment: named for its resemblance to feces, the shitfish is found mostly around toilet bowls, where it will pose as a turd to intimidate victims.



SPOTTED GROUPEER:

Height: 7 inches.

Weight: up to 800 lbs.

Comment: Easily the most dangerous and menacing fish known to fish. Identified by bulbous lips and dark color. Merciless scavengers whose cunning has had police on the run for months.

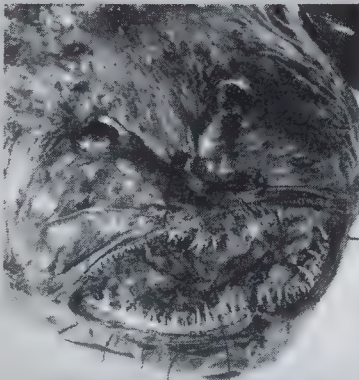


BILL & BETTY GROUPEER:

Height: 8-28 inches

Weight: 300 lbs each

Comment: These thugs have upended deepwater society and beaten small children senseless in the surf. They're heading for the electric chair.

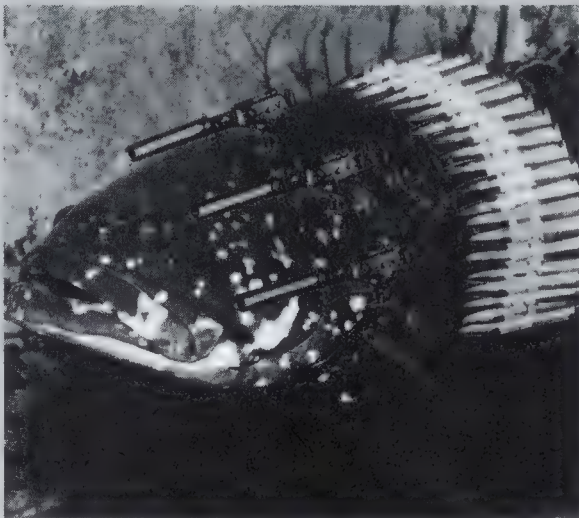


EDWARD G. ROBINSON FISH:

Height: 4 inches

Weight: Undetermined

Comment: Wanted by the FBI for impersonating Edward G. Robinson at an Actor's Guild benefit in Los Angeles, and escaping with \$10,000 in charity monies.



.30 CALIBRE GROUPEER

Height: 6 inches

Weight: up to 75 lbs.

Comment: Used widely in Vietnam on both sides, now roaming the streets; idle, lazy, and easily aggravated. Money talks with this felon.



ROLLER SKATE:

Height: 1 inch

Weight: 5-100 lbs

Comment: This wheeled flapping monster is found around poolhalls and bars. Never out of debt, he will stop at nothing to feed his habits, which include nose-picking, barbituates, and craps.



Vol. 6 No. 24

We Deal in Grief

35 Cents

DRIVE-IN FUNERAL HOME MAKES DEBUT

Pasadena, Calif. 8/6 — A surprise opening today at Wilbur Moss' new funeral home in Pasadena tied up traffic for blocks at noon-time. The funeral parlor, which features an open or closed casket wake "without ever leaving your car" is Wilbur Moss' brainchild. Moss opened the home today to traffic with a four-hour showing of the late Mrs. Esther Stowe, a local little-known resident and heart-transplant victim. Moss explained quickly to us the advantages of his "Drive-In" funeral home:

"Nowadays of course a lot of yer people just can't spare the time to stop in and see the deceased. I figured I'd display the caskets in a big bay window," (he pointed) "built into the side of my home here, and build me a good driveway with E-Z in, E-Z out. That way, people could just pull up, give a nod, and drive on, and never have to bother themselves. Very few these days really got the time it takes to park, come in and hang around, perhaps get caught up talking to relatives. This way, everything's fast and easy, know what I mean?"

The cars that edged by the open casket of Mrs. Esther Stowe—(every day a new body appears)—included teenagers joy-riding on their school lunch hour, the curious, the Mayor of Pasadena and his family (who knows Moss personally: "He does all our work"), and even a few people who claimed to have known the beloved.

We asked Mr. Moss if he thought the drive-in funeral home (which he has patented) was revolutionary in the funeral business. He explained:

"This is a population boom we're living in. The more people you got, the more deaths you got. There's stacking up at the morgues, and new parlors are opening all the time. We were so busy last year I didn't get my vacation! So you gotta speed things up. Let's face it—Now I'm turning over 10-12 corpses a day at \$700. a piece! . . . and that's only for the display. When I get three or four more alleys built next door, with more driveways and more bay windows, I'll be turning maybe 25 bodies a day! Of course, actual burial



Mr. & Mrs. Wilbur Moss, of the Moss Drive-In Funeral Home wear festive masks on opening day. This is a local custom in Pasadena where, Moss says, "everyday's a holiday."

is out of my line. Another union handles that—we have a big garage in the back where we store 'em, and the meat truck comes once a month, and takes away as many boxes as they can—city's got a big landfill in the Santa Monica Hills—I think that's what they do with them. I spend my winters in Florida."

Indeed, the new Moss home is a wonder. Tractors have torn a path up through the front yard and by the side of the house (which Moss' family also resides in), and beautiful new black asphalt has been laid. As we waited in line in our Mercury Montego, we couldn't help noticing the redwood lawn furniture and several pink flamingos Moss has utilized in "sprucing up the place". People were honking behind us though, and slowly the traffic shunted past the big display window. We could just see the feet of the deceased as we approached. Although the house had been a stucco structure, Moss has had the whole east wall covered with aluminum and glass pre-fab available at most hardware stores. The wall is trimmed in galvanized gutterspouts.

The automobile just ahead of us, a brown '49 Hudson stopped briefly at the window, which is much like a drive-in bank window and just as handy. A large woman reached from the Hudson and hurled two raw eggs at the window. Then the car sped out of the driveway. Whether the egging was directed at Esther Stowe or Moss himself was unsure.

(continued on page 34)

THE LAST HURRAH

"Harry's dead!"

"Oh, I didn't even notice."

Harry Stigems had been lying in state at the Stigems home in Trenton, N.J. for six years, but he wasn't really dead. The family had been waiting for Harry to die for some time. He was a chronic TV watcher, and became catatonic during the Dem. Nat'l Convention in 1968. So the family, Mrs. Stigems and their triplets, Moe, Joe and Chloe purchased a beautiful walnut casket and put Harry into it. Mrs. Stigems commented at the time that the casket "will look so wonderful in the living room. No one plays the piano anymore." Sadly enough, they had had to sell their upright to purchase the casket. "But he wouldn't kick, he just wouldn't!" Mrs. Stigems told our reporter. "Every two weeks he'd groan and his face would twitch, so we knew he was alive. We'd close the lid when we had guests, and you know, they never said a thing—they were wonderful."

Apparently, Mrs. Stigems wasn't aware that TV Catatonosis can last for years. It strikes the regular TV devotee in the most casual of manners. Often those closest to the victim do not even realize the scourge is upon them. Although a slow killer, it is a sure one.

Harry Stigems, a classic case, had watched television almost continuously since 1953, (continued on page 34)



"After the Flip Wilson show is over, we'll call the coroner," said Mrs. Harry Stigems regarding her husband's death. A neighbor had called the death to her attention.



Garden of Gloom

Use the dead to complete your landscaping theme. This beautiful undersea garden, a geodesic dome filled with 560 gallons of water and formaldehyde, lends a stylish touch to even the most discreet yard. Holographic representation of grim reaper glows at night. Design is copied from old bubble-gum machine. Available through: *Rosicrucians Nurseries*, L. A. California.



Real Coroner Ditch The Stiff



Flush-A-Body

For large hospitals, terminal wards, prisons, and homes for the aged, or anywhere where daily deaths are *routine business*, Flush-A-Body mounts over existing plumbing with slight modifications. No coffin is needed! Bowl comes with large throat and air-suction to speed the exit of those unable to fill out any more papers. Body dissolves with street sewage, easily and away from tidy hallways.

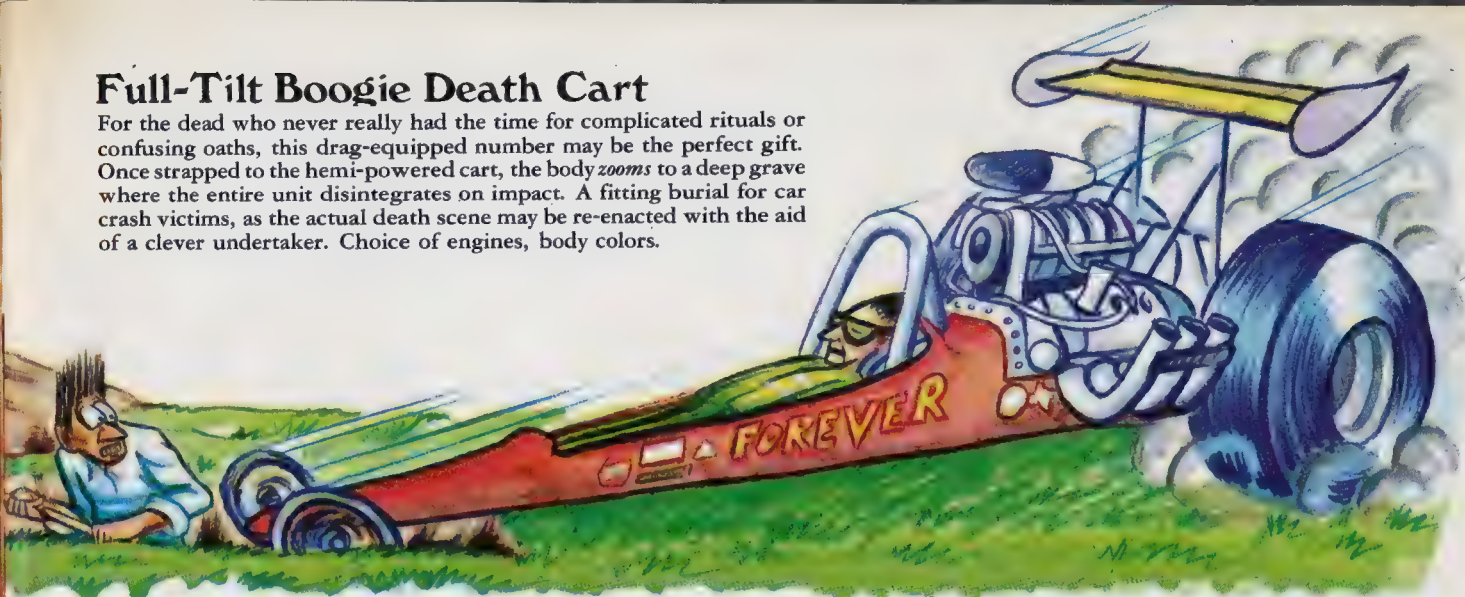


Compost Burial

Popular among ecology fans and lovers of the outdoors, the Compost idea is really catching on. At *Organic Acres*, in upstate New York, a complete 6 sq. feet is available with 300 lbs of spare leaves for a reasonable sum. Subtract the cost of a traditional coffin, and the savings are fantastic. De-composition is fast and trouble-free. After a few years, the burial site is lost among hundreds like it, and the dead quickly and easily forgotten.

Full-Tilt Boogie Death Cart

For the dead who never really had the time for complicated rituals or confusing oaths, this drag-equipped number may be the perfect gift. Once strapped to the hemi-powered cart, the body zooms to a deep grave where the entire unit disintegrates on impact. A fitting burial for car crash victims, as the actual death scene may be re-enacted with the aid of a clever undertaker. Choice of engines, body colors.

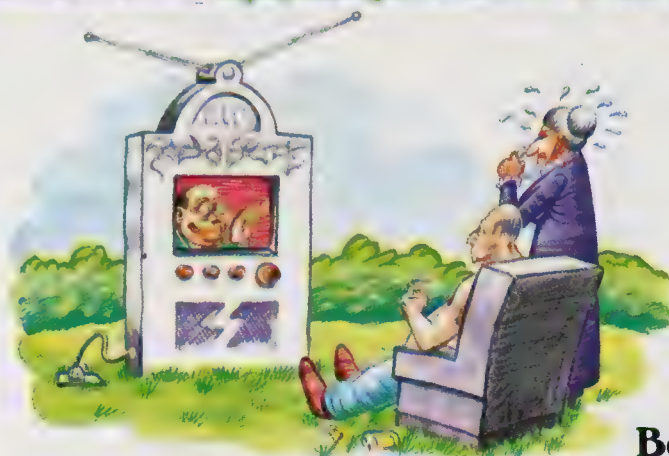


Mister Frostee

With this fabulous new cryogenic resting place you can go cold turkey rather than suffer the typical slow decomposition conventional boxes offer. *Rigidaire* now makes it possible for you to keep most of your good looks for years. *Mister Frostee* comes in 18 convenient sizes and of course may be kept inconspicuously in most kitchens. Styles vary from early Depression era to Post-war models.

Vacu-Form Baggie

Choose any position you like for mounting the dead in this flexible sealed plastic baggie! The thin plastic shell keeps nasty odors in! A fine conversation piece, and Theater-of-the-Dead home decorating idea! Those close to the beloved may be arranged accordingly.



Boob Tomb

Anyone who wants to be remembered beyond his own prime time is sure to select this new headstone from Catasonic. Long after their own cancellation, the built-in color TV allows the dead to entertain mourners or loiterers with re-runs. Your life, your successes and ambitions, your favorite mottoes and sayings, explained easily and simply with television installed at your gravesite. *Boob Tomb* runs continuously, comes with soda/beer machines, newspaper rack.





with Rosemary Slab, authoress of
"Funerals You Plan at Home", and
"On the Banks of the Styx"

DEATHICS...

Plan Now For Your Holiday Deaths

Just a word to the calendar-conscious, the big holidays are on their merry way! Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's will be with us again soon, and the National Funeral Directors League warns the public these are especially busy times at homes across the country. If you're planning to die during the holidays, or know of someone else, you should make arrangements now, *before the holiday rush!*

A word to your local director will do in most cases, but good manners requires even further advance notice if special arrangements are to be made. The traditional turkey-feathers and cranberry-flavored formaldehyde is still very in this year. Christmas may call for pre-renal of snow, ice, rain or sleet, but you may prefer a lighter motif, such as the Santa Claus theme. New Year's embalming often involves alcohol, and a good number of the more clever directors have their own formaldehyde-base holiday

mixes that do the job adequately and in good taste. Some are suitable as an apertif.

The odd holidays—Christopher Columbus Day, Veterans Day—can be best handled with a quick jaunt to the stationers for party cups and favors. Remember, holidays mean vacations and that means "in absentia" mourners. A good hostess will send blank cards to those who'll be out of town, which can be returned bearing the words the vacation-bound might have uttered at graveside.

The alert homemaker knows death often comes in threes, so if you are planning a holiday death, make sure and estimate the number of those who may throw in the towel suddenly and upset the best laid plans. Concurrent deaths can be the surprise that makes your gala affair a success, if they are well coordinated with initial party-themes. Have a nice Autumn, and remember, a well-planned funeral is as important as good toilet training.

WHAT CAN YOU SAY ABOUT A TWENTY-FIVE YEAR OLD GIRL

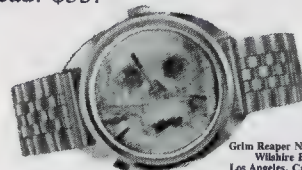
WHO DIED?

If you've been doing a brisk business with twenty-five year old girls lately, you know what we're talking about. After a while you run out of things to say. But now, with the help of the Famous Eulogy Writers School you'll never flounder for well-phrased condolences, never face the agony of Psalmist's Block again. Many of our graduates appear regularly on Sermonette. Write for our free brochure, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and You.

Famous
Eulogy Writers School
Box 1313
New York, N.Y. 10013

DEATH WATCH

Count your remaining hours, minutes, and seconds with this unique timepiece from Germany. Guaranteed to last a lifetime, this distinctive jewelry will be a constant reminder of where time is flying to. For an exact likeness, enclose a recent x-ray of your head. \$35.



Grin Reaper Novelty Co.
Wilshire Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90055

DON'T DELAY!

DEATH 1975

Announcing a great new contest!! The possibilities are endless!

ENTER TODAY!

It's been four years now since Mafia leader Joe Columbo Sr. was gunned down at an Italian Defamation League celebration in New York's Central Park.

Ever wonder what happened to him? Well, he's living as active and productive life as your average cucumber but that's not the point.

The point is when will he finally pop off? Tomorrow? Next month? (Or did he already

head for that Big Pizza in the Sky while we were going to press?)

What other well-known personalities have, unbeknownst to them, celebrated their last New Year's Eve? . . . How's Bess Truman feeling? How's Justice Douglas's plastic ticker holding out? Seen Mamie Eisenhower lately? And what about Casey Stengel? Walter Brennan? Groucho Marx?

Intrigued by the idea? Here's what you have to do:

Simply fill out on a postcard the names of three well-known individuals you predict will die this year. Then add one "Long Shot"—any well known person under the age of 45 who, to the best of your knowledge, is in good health. (Hint: Black Revolutionaries and Palestinian terrorist leaders are a safe bet).

Then send it along to: DEATH 1975

Future Necrology Sweepstakes

Box 101

Final, Mass.

The contestant with the most correct entries as of Dec. 31, 1975 will be declared the winner.

OF THE LORD ARE FINAL.

Big Prizes:

**Win a Harp
Two Weeks in Philadelphia
Free tickets to a
Celebrity's Funeral**



Myrna Gush
San Juan, Puerto Rico:

"My Long Shot, Roberto Clemente, made me a winner last year and that free plane trip I won to help search for his body was the thrill of a lifetime."

Herbie Wingbolt
Carsick, N.J.

"When Pablo Picasso cashed in his chips last year I jumped for joy. I plan to use the money I won to put me through embalming school."

TARNATION CANNED MILK COMPANY DENIES EUTHANASIA ALLEGATIONS



Tarnation Canned Milk, available at almost every grocery store, may solve more problems around the home than you think! It is now believed to be an effective slow killer of children, and further tests may reveal that canned milk works fine if you're the kind of person who whispers "kill me, kill me . . ." to strangers on the street corner. Tarnation can bring death casually, and "unintentionally".

Eloise Louise, now dead, has been writing Real Coroner for years now, telling us of her vigorous fight against life and the struggles she's had trying to slip out casually. Lucky girl! Her "guess I don't have the guts" attitude vanished recently as her letters became more and more incoherent, and finally stopped.

RALPH NADER DIGS INTO FUNERAL BUSINESS

Outraged upon learning that morticians around the country are directing employees to bury "clients" in the ground, Consumer Advocate Ralph Nader is suing the American Funeral Directors Association for \$100 million for fraud.

"I've been taught that when someone dies they go to heaven," said an irate Nader at a news conference announcing the law suit. "No one ever told me anything about

She had said she'd been buying Tarnation Canned Milk by the case and sharing it with her cat at home. We thrilled to some of early episodes, like the time her employer found her passed out in front of her factory locker which was full of empty cans of Tarnation.

Government investigators say they may take the product off the market, (so stock up now!) Amos Billsby, a gov. spokesman commented to the press about the "low-life connotations Tarnation has sparked in the minds of the public." He said further, "many people are confused about this pet food and have been eating it themselves, due to its lucrative price."

The Tarnation Milk Company, denying any "connections" with the White House, said in rebuttal: "These are the kind of threats we receive every day. We listen to the flapping of the public, but GETTING THE MILK IN THE CANS AND INTO THE STORES is all we care about!"

Quite a few of our readers have written asking names or products that could produce similar results, and the waiting time involved. Next month we'll publish our list to date which includes "Mrs. Stuffer's Frozen TV Dinners", "Hungry Jerk" instant mashed potatoes, and horse-meat. Look for our exciting new series, "How to die like a Man" starting next month.

going into the ground! That's outrageous! How do these poor people breathe?

"These funeral directors are committing a heinous crime day in and day out," he continued. "This law suit is being filed for all those millions of people who have been duped."

Asked what he thought cemeteries were for, Nader replied that he had been puzzled for many years about that but had concluded that "cemeteries are places where people come to visit favorite or beloved tombstones." He said he still wondered why grown men and women would "cry over a hunk of cement—or bring it flowers—but it's a crazy world."

IRISH WAKE INC.

*Let Us
Throw
the Wake!*



Ever feel like nobody knows you're alive? How will they know you're dead? A good Irish Wake. We'll throw the biggest party you can afford. We'll provide a band, steak, lobster, flowers, alcoholic beverages, waiters, and even a mansion, depending on your budget.

At the height of the merriment, we'll get everyone's attention over a loud microphone and together, we'll bemoan your passing, glasses raised high. We'll toast your high school affiliations, part-time jobs, and we'll even ghost-write a suitable parting quote. As the din of the room rises, a musical interlude will commence, and. . .

YOU WILL NOT HAVE GONE UNNOTICED

You must be present to win. No entries after the eighth year in life are acceptable. Absolutely no family may participate in either payments nor plans for the extravaganza, nor may they attend. Friends of the deceased and relations at least three bloodlines distant from the deceased may apply for tickets, but they must be considered on a par with all Public Applications. We assume no responsibility for burial or even removal from the station wagon we pick "you" up in.

Irish Wake Inc.
64747 Nocturnal Dr.
Jason, California



How to Tell If You're Dead

CASE A



This gentleman uses the cross-arm method to change shirts while contemplating Monet.

CHANGE CLOTHES

If you can't change clothes easily, you may not need to—you could be dead.

CASE B



If you're wearing an unusually clean suit of clothes, but the soles of your shoes are not sewn up, you're definitely dead.

TEST YOUR HANDS

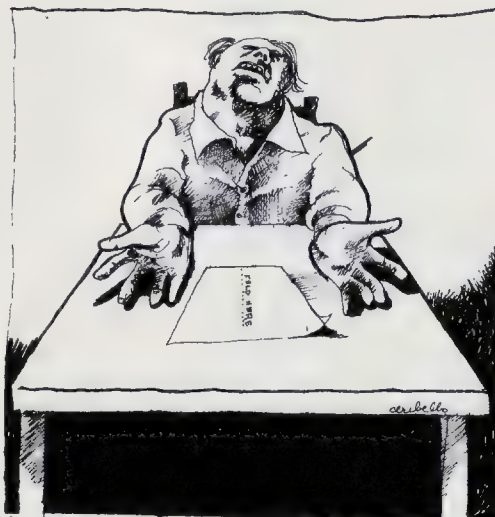
*Try to fold a piece of paper into a paper airplane.
If your hands don't work, you could be dead.*

CASE A



The most common form of the paper airplane, successfully folded.

CASE B



If this is you, you should notify your local coroner immediately.



HAIL A TAXI

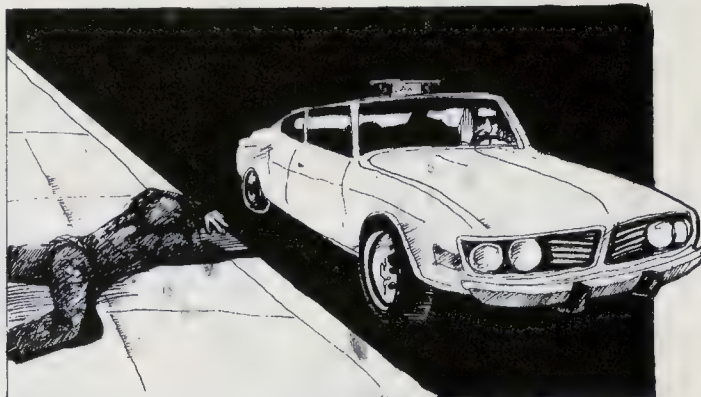
Taxis do not pick up dead people. They never tip. It is also a violation of the Chauffer and Limosine Commission's by-laws.

CASE A



The casual hailing of a cab is one of the many pleasures of any large city.

CASE B



The man in this drawing should phone home immediately. He's dead, but may not know it.

ORDER SOMETHING AT A CAFE

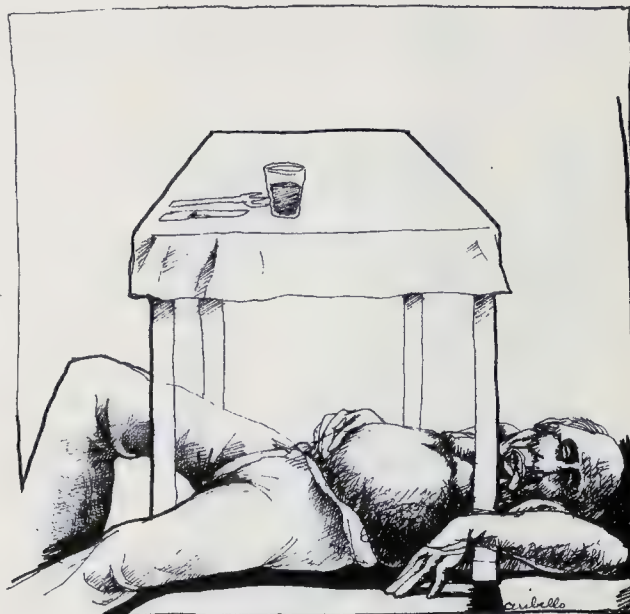
Good service in a local cafe may depend on whether the customer is alert as the busy waitress makes her rounds.

CASE B



Ordering even complicated meals is fast and easy if you're alive. An attentive waitress will speed your order through, usually while you wait.

CASE A



No waitress will wait on this man. He is conspicuously dead, and of course, the dead neither order nor tip.



DRIVE-IN HOME (continued from page 27)

"No tragedy! No tragedy!" hollered Wilbur Moss as he ran out with some rags and a bucket of water and began cleaning the window. "Sure, there's this type of person in every crowd, but I don't mind, most people got respect for the dead."

The lot adjacent to the Moss Drive-In Home, although choked with weeds and old newspapers, will be used to expand his business. Moss hopes to have four "alleys" in operation by next winter, if business remains steady.

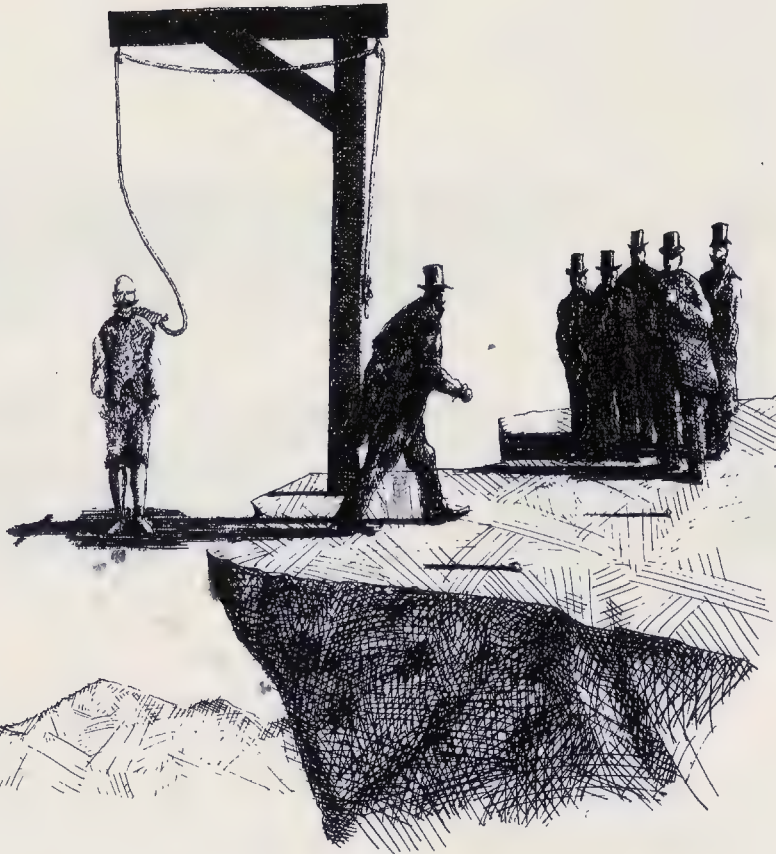
LAST HURRAH (continued from page 27)

when he stopped talking to his family. "What's the Use?" was his final comment at that time. "Yes, he loved TV" says his son Moe. "If we were nasty kids, he'd bring out his TV aerial and we'd hide under the beds!"

This week, Stigems died. A neighbor of the family who happened to be over drinking a beer one evening commented to Mrs. Stigems that Harry seemed pretty stiff. Had they heard much from him lately, he asked. Upon close examination, the neighbor belatedly: "Harry's dead!" "Oh, I didn't even notice," said the Mrs. "After the Flip Wilson Show is over, we'll call the coroner," she added.

Later, in a moment of true grief, Mrs. Stigems slammed shut the lid of the casket and said: "Well, I guess that about wraps it up." The burial was handled through a local mail-order house.

This true story brings to a close our series, "Great Unnoticed Deaths". We hope you've enjoyed reading these lighthearted tales as much as we have. Next month, our reporters will be covering "The Prestigious Death" and reviewing some of the hallmark wakes of our era, the gusto behind them and the big names involved.



"Hi! I'm Clem Roberts, your Dialing for Death host! You can play from your own livingroom and win big cash for a close friend or heir! The simple way to die! Why bother with difficult decisions over the time and place of your death!"



DIALING FOR DEATH

TV's newest game show that's the craze of the Nation!

**THE GAMESHOW WHERE SOMEONE'S ALWAYS
CAUGHT IN A CLUTCH SITUATION!!!!**

Lots of laughs! And lots of money if you're our winner!

Our contestants in the studio answer difficult questions to get a chance at guessing which of five given people is dead. The names include celebrities, politicians and every third name is one of you-our

listeners at home! If your name is selected, we'll call you to see if you're dead! If you are, your named beneficiary could receive \$1000!!!!

**WATCH IT TODAY!
DON'T MISS ANOTHER DAY OF DIALING FOR DEATH!!!!**

CHANNEL 32!!!

WEEKDAYS AT 4:00 pm !!!! WDFD !!!!

DO-ER'S PROFILES

(Pronounced "Do-er's")



STANLY STUMP

HOME: Illswitch, Conn.

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Mortician

HOBBIES: Taxidermy, necrophilia, miniature golf, poker.

LAST BOOK READ: "How to win at Five-Card Draw"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: A short treatise to fellow embalmers: "Burial With Flair"

QUOTE: "I bury people. After a while, they all look alike. So I drink."

PROFILE: Moribund, dull & stupid.

SCOTCH: Do-er's



Authentic. There are more than 5000 ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are cheap enough for Do-er's. Our product NEVER VARIES. It's always the same vile swill. To die an alcoholic is, like Do-er's, in the finest tradition of an authentic America.



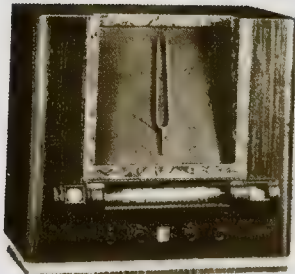


JULIE ABDUCTED!

HARPOON POOR TASTE POSTER NO.1

HAIRPOON

BIG BROAD CAST



INTRODUCING THE SALTEENS

by Jeff Brayn

"If Life was a mere set of numbers, I'd have to count you out"

—The Suburban Text of Holy Insurance Policies

It is an unusually warm day in February. Either that, or Herbert's mother had once again mistakenly put the Electric blanket on His Iron Lung.

Another day has begun in the Life of the Salteens, a hard working crippled family, all collecting Army Disability Pension Checks. Yet, with all their spasticisms, there was still plenty of Love.

Papa Salteen, a former T.V. Booking Agent, is a strong proud man in his mid fifties, who became paralyzed from the waist down. He obtained this unfortunate condition from the producer of the Lawrence Welk Show, in an assassination attempt, after Papa Salteen booked Grand Funk Railroad and Rod Stewart on the Easter Special, which included a 200 Groupie Salute to the Virgin Mother.

Mama Salteen, who refuses to disclose her maiden name, was the daughter of a High ranking Nazi Surgeon, who fled to Flatbush after the War, and became the editor of a Yiddish Newspaper. He believed that a frontal lobotomy, during a Child's first year of life, was as necessary as early dental care. Thus, at the age of 6 months, Mama Salteen had this important operation. Mama Salteen, however, could not be stopped by this small obstacle. She began a successful acting career, which began in the first grade, in which she played a carrot.

Before long she progressed to play what many consider to be her best role. Yes, it was a mere 12 years after her debut as the luscious carrot, that Mama Salteen played the unforgettable role as a tree in her third grade class play, "A Tree Grows On Nostrand Avenue."

How did two such unique people meet? As the legend goes, they met at a Lepers Liberation Meeting. He, looking

quite funky in his Sears Wheelchair. Her, looking radiant and intriguing as she drooled into her lap. It was love at first sight. Nothing more had to be said, they were married the next morning at the Process Church.

Herbert, their son, whom Papa Salteen proudly refers to as his living abortion, decided at an early age to dedicate his entire life to being an invalid. Papa Salteen, not one to stifle his child's dream, went out and bought Herbert an Iron Lung for his 3rd Birthday, A gift which Herbert has cherished and continually used during his entire 15 Yrs. of life.

The Highlight of his life was his Bar Mitzvah for which he received: 2 Pacemakers, 17 Cobalt Treatment Gift Certificates, an Organ Transplant Set, and a Year's Supply of Nitro-Glycerine Capsules. The one remaining member of the family is Gwen, their daughter. Do not ever mention Gwen in front of Mama, Papa, or Herbert Salteen, for the pain will be too much for them to bear. Let us discuss Gwen just this once, and then forever leave her name unmentioned.

Gwen, born two years after Herbert, was a problem child from the beginning. As the doctor gave her a slap on her little ass to officially bring her into the world, her first action was to proposition the doctor, offering to give him the most dynamite infantile head he had ever received.

It soon became obvious that there was much hate stored up in this wild paraplegic child. Gwen wouldn't eat what was given to her. She constantly cursed and whipped her parents.

Finally, she ran off with a podiatrist who had an athlete's foot fetish, when

Gwen was 12 years old, leaving but a three word note which read "Feet are Neet," never to be heard from again. To save the Salteen Family any more pain we will not mention her again.

Now that you have the general background of the Salteens, beginning next issue, we will join them in their home, which is a reconverted Pizza Hut in Syosset.

In the next episode, The Salteens are held captive by 300 Sioux Indians who in turn for their release demand a session with Ray Kroc, the President of McDonalds and owner of the San Diego Padres, to discuss Cubism and its effect on Neo-Classicism.

(On second thought, I think we'll look in on the next adventure right now.—editor

As the Sun fights its way through the tomato paste stained windows of a reconverted Pizza Hut in Syosset, the Salteens call home, another day begins.

In Herbert's Room, formerly the Mozzarella Bin, the sound of life can be heard as Papa Salteen turns on Herbert's Oxygen Tanks. Doesn't Herbert look adorable yawning under his oxygen tent?

Off to another corner of the Hut, Mama Salteen is making spit balls out of White Bread. As Papa Salteen wheels past her he smiles, knowing full well that Mama is making his favorite dish—Saliva Burgers.

Mama Salteen has much planned for today. On top of her agenda is a new garden. Mama is convinced that she has found the perfect spot for a garden of vegetables. Papa Salteen, however, disagrees with Mama. He tries to explain to her, as gently as he can, that the center lane of the Long Island Expressway does

(continued on page 51)

"TEX" BUSHBLOOM



THE ROSE THAT'S NOT YELLOW!

CLIP & SAVE

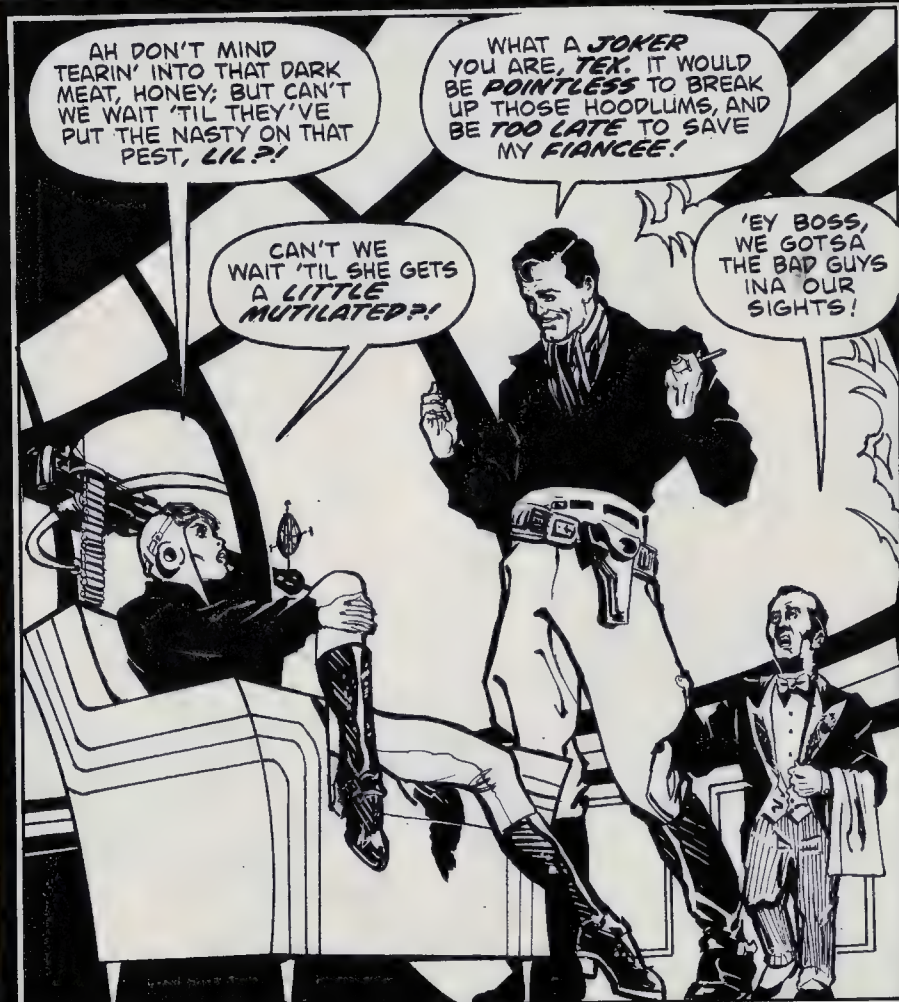


SMILING LESTER DEL GATO



WEALTHY ADVENTURER AND PATRIOT!

WHITE AIR Supremacy COMICS



AH DON'T MIND TEARIN' INTO THAT DARK MEAT, HONEY; BUT CAN'T WE WAIT 'TIL THEY'VE PUT THE NASTY ON THAT PEST, LIL?!

WHAT A JOKER YOU ARE, TEX. IT WOULD BE POINTLESS TO BREAK UP THOSE HOODLUMS, AND BE TOO LATE TO SAVE MY FIANCEE!

CAN'T WE WAIT 'TIL SHE GETS A LITTLE MUTILATED?!

'EY BOSS, WE GOTSA THE BAD GUYS INA OUR SIGHTS!

IN THE EVIL JAZZ INFECTED DAYS OF THE THIRTIES, A FEW CITIZENS CHOSE TO LAUGH IN THE FACE OF THE DEPRESSION, AND FIGHT ON AGAINST MORAL DECAY. THIS TIME, THE FFP TACKLE THE MOST DISGUSTING AFFRONT TO FEMININE PULCHRITUDE IN THE HISTORY OF OUR GREAT NATION...

THE BLACK FÜHRER OF HARLEM!

GIACOMMO



AN OPERA SINGER OF MANY TALENTS!

WE GONNA LAND INA ONE MINUTE!

HOLDING HIS "BACK TO THE CONGO AND THE RHINELAND TOO" RALLY IN A COMMANDERED ZEPPELIN, HARRY "HOT LIP" HOP, AKA THE BLACK FUHRER, HAS A KIDNAPPED MAIN ATTRACTION ...LITTLE LIL!

HE'S GONE TOO FAR, THIS TIME!

LITTLE LIL

LESTER'S OFTEN DEFILED, BUT NEVER DEFLOWERED FIANCEE!

SECRETS, VE DON'T NEED NO STINKIN' SECRETS! VE ARE UP TO BAD DEEDS, PURE VILLAINY!

AND, LIVING UP TO MY BAD REPUTATION, I GIVE YOU RAOUL, THE PUERTO RICAN THAT WALKS LIKE A MAN!

OH, MY GOODNESS!

IS THIS IT, FOLKS?! WILL LITTLE LIL LOSE HER FLOWER AT LAST?!

A PERFECT THREE
POINT LANDING...

...AND, CLEVERLY DISGUISED,
THE FFP BREAK UP THE
DISGUSTING DEBACLE.

DIBS
ON THE
LOIN
CLOTH!

AAEEEEAAH!

IT'S
DE BIG
BWANA!

BOOGA
BOOGA!

MO'F'O!

SHEET!

WITHIN SECONDS, THE
CONGOLIANS HAVE RE-
VERTED TO THEIR NATURAL
STATE OF **SUPERSTI-
TIOUS TERROR!**

THE BIG
BWANA IS
MIGHTY
SORE,
LIP!

I MADE A
MISTAKE?!

LET
ME CUT
HIM,
C'MON!

LISTEN,
LIP, I'M AN UNDER-
STANDING GUY. I
DON'T WANT TO
SEE YOU GET IN
DUTCH OVER YOUR
INNOCENT PRANK,
SO I'M PREPARED
TO MAKE A
SWAP.

YES! I'LL
TRADE YOU EVEN.
THE GIRL, FOR THIS
NIFTY PRIZE I
THOUGHTFULLY
PREPARED...

MERCY,
BWANA?!

HOWSA
COME I ALWAYS
GOTSA BE THE
MONKEY?

OOOH!

LAWDY!

LAWDY!

OOOH!

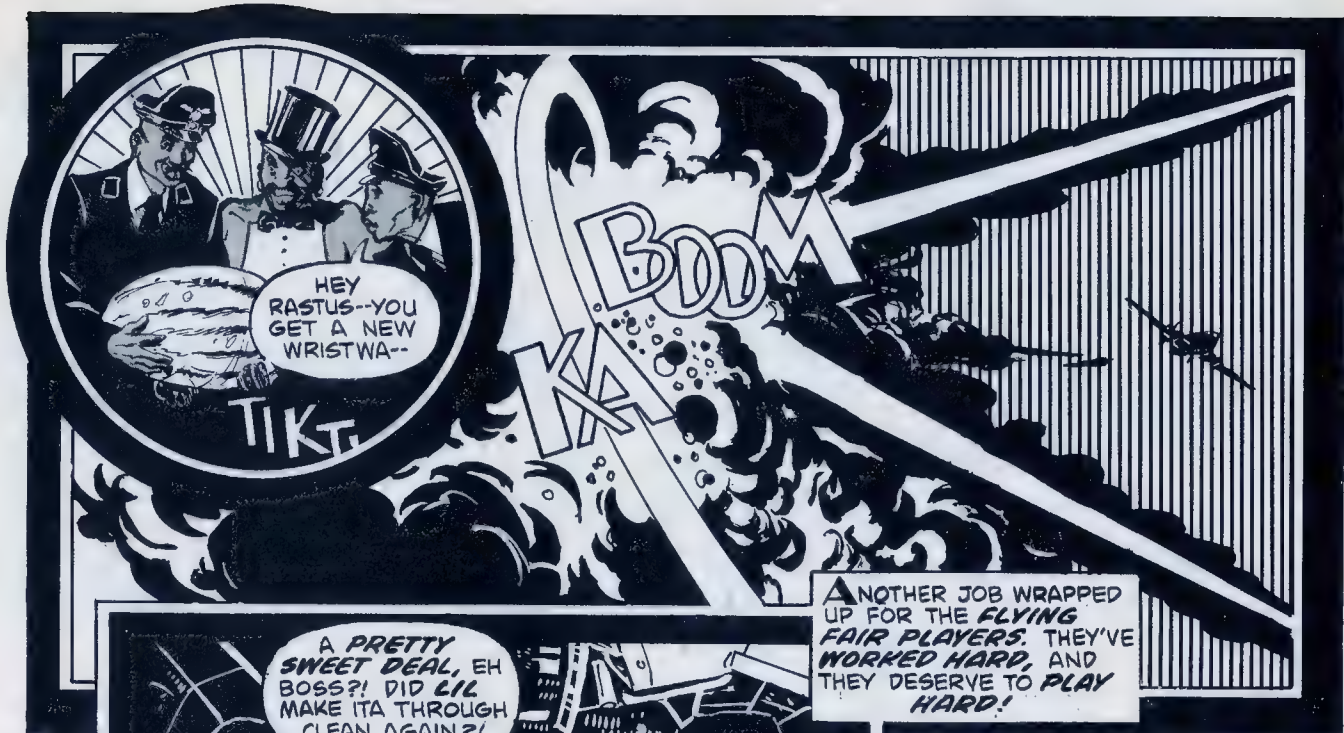
...AND, KNOWING
HOW FOND YOU PEOPLE
ARE OF SHINY OBJECTS,
WE STUDDED IT WITH
RHINESTONES AND
BROKEN GLASS.

WHAT
A SWELL
DEAL!

I'VE GOTTA
NO TIME FOR ONE
CHORUS OF VESTE
LA JUBA?!

WE'VE GOT TO GO
NOW. LIL'S DUE
AT ANOTHER
**RITUAL
SACRIFICE!**

YEAH, A
WEDDING!



GREAT ASSASSINATIONS

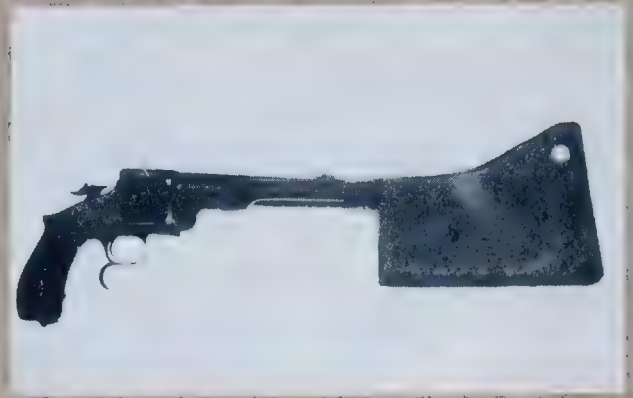
By Michael Sullivan and Dennis Lopez

Here we offer but a passing glance at some of the weapons that changed American history. Killing has been an important part of our American saga, but few realize that some of the key weapons used were anything but typical. Innovative designs and new fire-power capabilities made these amazing guns the "old reliables" of law-enforcers and hooligans alike. Hundreds were maimed testing these units, but the thousands wasted by them in actual use is what really counts.



The Indian, Sonofabitch, who's short temper and quick hand brought violence to a quiet card game. Never a man to mince words, he said afterwards: "I'd do it again if I had to."

Clarence Snapp became heir to a fortune in slaves in the Carolinas during the early 1800's. He was a clever man used to quick decisions and fast action. He was shot to death in 1832 in a bar in Tulsa during a nickel-dime game of crazy eights. The bar Indian, a tough redskin named Sonofabitch tried to enter the game, but when he introduced himself to Snapp, his greeting was mistaken for an insult and Snapp drew for his Carolina Cleaver and yelled: "You Sonofabitch!" The Indian, doubly annoyed, pulled out the Oklahoma Leveler and blew Snapp's head off. The bar roared with laughter as Sonofabitch's quick temper dominated the moment. (A color reproduction of the Leveler is shown on the following page.)



Snapp's Carolina Cleaver .38, no match for the Oklahoma Leveler, but an effective weapon in itself. The gun was popular in the South and used widely against abolitionists and various carpet baggers and scallywags. Originally conceived by the Polish Army for field use because it is also possible to eat with the gun.

Oklahoma Leveler

The Oklahoma Leveler, the gun that won Topeka, saved the Sioux and redefined the laws of the old West. Gun is .45 calibre, and fires 9 shots.



The Bell & Howel Super 8

Invented in 1936 by Spanish mercenaries, shoots eight rounds of .30-'06's singly loaded, or thirty rounds of .608's loaded singly. If there isn't enough light to shoot, the scope automatically de-



activates the trigger. This lesson was learned the hard way by William Grosvenor in 1948 when he was helping defend the Empire State Building in a rooftop duel. The photo below shows Grosvenor desperately fumbling with his light meter, minutes before he was killed. His assailant used the popular Puerto-Rican Macho rubber-band powered zip gun shown at left. Astonished friends said later: "We told him to bring the wink-light, but he wouldn't listen."



William Grosvenor just before he was killed.

Chicago Meatgrinder

The St. Ballantine's Massacre, in which top executives of a famous beer company were mowed down by headstrong beer drinkers who were appalled at "beer in cans". The machinegun shown, known as the Chicago Meatgrinder, was common weapon among n'er-do-wells in the mid-west during the thirties. Built from clock parts, the machinegun fires .219 Zipper cartridges, still a popular varmint load today.

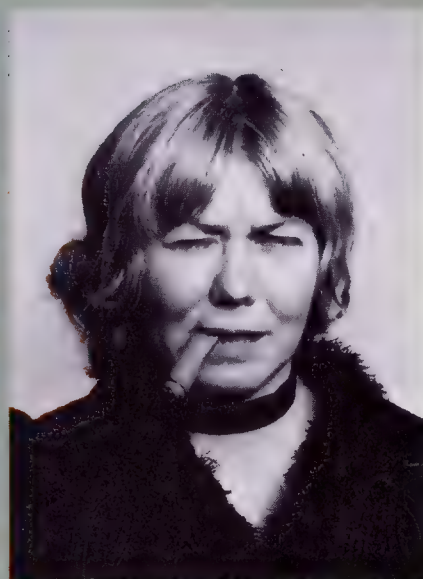


Dutch Nellie



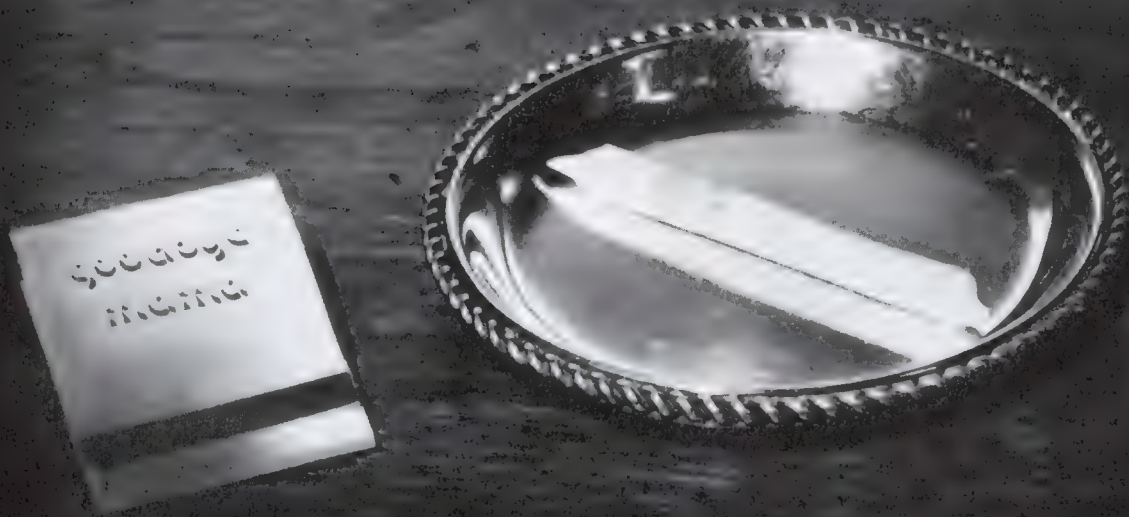
Hard Annie's demise.

The gun that finally killed Hard Annie Bejesus, cowtown prostitute and law-breaker. In a drunken barroom scene, the gun was aimed at Hard Annie in jest but went off accidentally and cut her in two. The murderer was never prosecuted, due to Annie's bum reputation around the Nevada Territory. The gun fires long hot flashes of Manganese. The Old West hadn't heard of Manganese, but the Dutch had, and marketed the gun throughout the West in the 1860's.

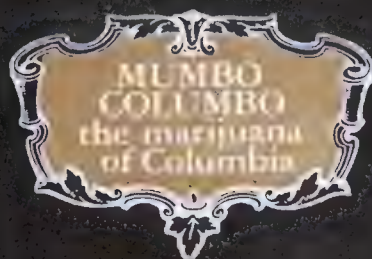


Hard Annie Bejesus in her prime.

A BLACK MARKET SPECIAL



Sometimes when a man has worked very hard,
and succeeded, he enjoys ordering things just because
they're black market.



Mumbo Columbo—Genuine Columbian Cannabis, '74 Harvest—Avail. Only as Contraband—Bogata, Columbia

OZONE HOLMES

DEDUCER OF THE INEXPLICABLE ~ TRACER OF LOST MYSTERIES



It's surprising, Flotsam, how the convolutions of a walnut resemble those of the human brain.

surprising
Indeed,
quite ...

by
Bill Skarski

Working as he did for the love of his art rather than for wealth, my good friend Holmes refused any investigation that did not tend toward the unusual, weird, even the fantastic!

One day at Holmes' residence, a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of a young lady in a considerable state of excitement!

Mr. Holmes I know you are the only one who can help!

The lady introduced herself as the Baroness Vulfe, a member of the elite and exclusive "Mediums Club"! She then recited a story of extreme intrigue!

'My fiancé, Lord Remington Cordless, was in performance of a routine astral projection, when, his astral body failed to return!

Astonishing!

I believe it was kidnapped!
For what evil purpose
I do not know!

The lady then departed.

Flotsam, did you notice her moist proboscis, and ears that pricked to listen?

A cold perhaps?

Holmes possessed a periscope for seeing what was on his mind.

"Hannah Wolf, the Wolfgirl," she was raised by wolves and discovered wandering wild in the Black Forest, a farmer sold her to the Gotterdamrüng circus where she was separated from her siamese twin, by Dr. Hans Froylick!

Ah, yes I recall now where I've seen that face before, it was in all the journals, a few years ago . . .

Before we depart, a nutritious snack.

It is said the Pharos preserved their baloney sandwiches with pyramids!

Good evening, Mr Holmes, I'm so glad you've come!

As you can see my Fiancé lies helpless!

Holmes and I soon arrived at the Mediums Club, an organization devoted to the study of the occult and dread secrets!

Let me introduce you to the other members of The Mediums Club:

Sir Micheal Twit, the actor,

Lady Prudence Prune,

René Ravioli stage magician

And the Barron Von Flush!

The members have agreed to a laying of the hands in an attempt to cure my fiance! Sir Michal Twit will preside!

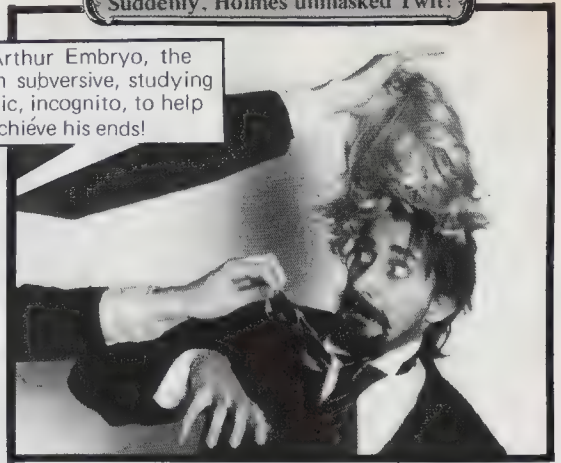
Holmes, purely for scientific curiosity decided to record the ceremony through the means of Kirlian photography



There's something strange here, about this fellow's aura!

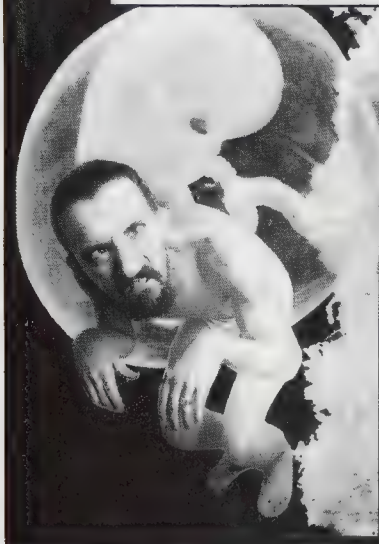
Suddenly, Holmes unmasked Twit!

A-hah! Arthur Embryo, the well known subversive, studying black magic, incognito, to help him achieve his ends!



Holmes was convinced of the innocence of Embryo in this affair as the Baroness and Remington were unmarried and therefore quite chaste.

Rejected by his mother in the pre-natal stage—Arthur Embryo, crawled to freedom out of a sewer and was raised by a 10 year old boy in his fish tank, where he vowed to avenge the death of millions like himself, he would return to the sewers and organise the fetuses into an avenging army!



Take this Creature away Bobby!



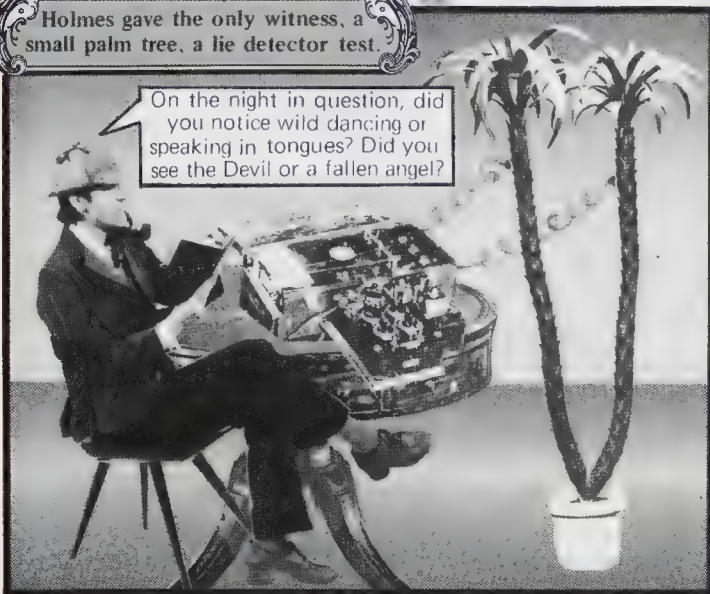
Righto Guv

Dr. Flotsam, look fingerhail clipings!

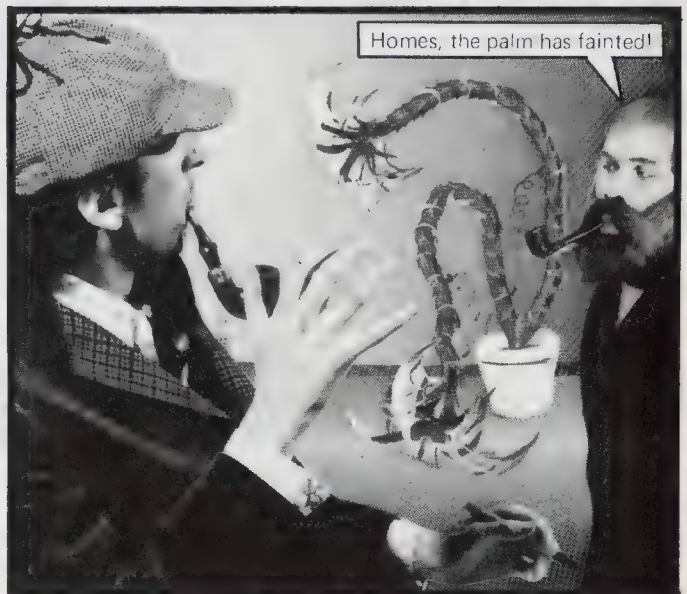


Holmes gave the only witness, a small palm tree, a lie detector test.

On the night in question, did you notice wild dancing or speaking in tongues? Did you see the Devil or a fallen angel?



Homes, the palm has fainted!



Holmes then announced that he had deduced the nature and identity of the criminal, using strange mental processes I do not to this day know, or ever hope to understand!

He explained his theory of the events that lead to the crime.

One of the people gathered in this room is the kidnapper and I shall reveal his or her identity!

On the previous evening the criminal knowledgeable in the "voodoo of the Americas" held an evil invocation inviting the unwholesome elements of the spirit world, with wild dancing, speaking in tongues, and fingernail clippings of the victim! Inducing them to kidnap the astral body!

He splashed his suspect and the end of Remington's astral cord became visible, linked to...

Producing a bottle of ectoplasm, a liquid which causes spiritual substances to become visible...

Von Flush... is actually Hans Froylick the famous surgeon, who separated Hannah from her twin!

He later married Hannah's sister, who unfortunately was lost at sea in the well known disastrous sinking of the H.M.S. Plankton! Dejected, he became obsessed with marrying her duplicate!

At the end of this cord, is Remington's twin spirit, high in the astral plane!

Astral handcuffs indent the wrist of the villain.

Holmes tied Remington's silver cord to his primary pedal digit, by means of the little known Gordian knot, a technique Holmes learned on a recent visit to Tibet!

This is only the beginning, Flotsam, in the years ahead science will create new inventions, which will mask the absurdity of existence, new space age inventions to make us laugh. It will be... the age of the Humorist/Scientist, The Ideal Man.

He stole the soul of her suitor to prevent the marriage!...

Take him away Bobby!

Ah, now, I can be Lady Remington. Cordless!

Righto Guv.

Holmes it was really quite impressive the way you used the latest scientific equipment to out wit this fellow!

HAIRPOON BIG BROAD CAST



INTRODUCING THE SALTEENS

(continued from page 38)

not offer the proper climatic and geographic conditions for growing radishes.

Mama Salteen finally relents after twice threatening to pick her nose and eat it in front of the entire Ladies Auxiliary Church League and Discoteque.

Papa Salteen is so happy that Mama has changed her mind that he falls out of his Sears Wheelchair. There is no question that he needs help to get back into it.

Mama stands over him drooling on the back of his neck, trying to figure out what has happened.

After a few minutes Herbert enters the room looking as royally magnificent as ever. He is wearing 14 Karat Gold Leg Braces, and is attached to 2 Remco Kidney Machines, which were Birthday Presents from Mama Salteen's father, Grandpa Adolph.

Herbert knows what must be done, so he bravely advances towards the phone and calls Sears Complaint Department. After 15 minutes on the telephone, Sears agrees to send over their best Neuro-Surgeon. Meanwhile Papa Salteen decides to take his mind off his current trauma, so he begins to sing arias from his favorite Opera "PORTUGUESE SONGS OF SELF PITY". Finally after the dramatic climax of the Opera, where the fisherman finally gets admitted to the Sado-Masochistic Bar in Lisbon, the door bell rings. Mama Salteen opens the door and Yes, OUR HERO HAS ARRIVED!

However, preceeding him are 21 Keg Lights, A Video Tape Recorder, 4 Cameras, 3 Monitors, and a cast of 32 Belly Dancing Furniture Salesmen. And now the moment of truth, our Neuro Surgeon speaks:

Doctor: "If you are woiking for the city, state or local proletariat, or for any union at all, I can get you Sick Room Supplies at Wholesale or way below Retail."

32 Belly Dancing Furniture Salesmen: "So What's the Story Doctor?"

Doctor: "Say you need an Artificial Leg, an Arm, or maybe a nice Cardio Vascular Pump to keep the Old Circulation Going. Come to me with the make and model number of the Machine or Artificial Limb and you're in."

32 Belly Dancing Furniture Salesmen: "So That's the Story Doctor?"

Doctor: "That's the Story"—O.K. Cut!

At that very moment, Screaming and Guns are Heard Outside. Mama Salteen runs into the Bathroom and sticks her head in the toilet so that no one will find her. Herbert tries to run towards his Iron Lung for Protection, but his braces are slowing him down. Papa Salteen has respectfully waited through the Video Taping of our Neuro Surgeon's Commercial and now preceeds to give a 2nd Encore of the Fisherman Scene.

It is at this moment that 300 Sioux Indians Burst through the Salteens' Big Front Door, with a Plastic Pizza with Anchovies, on the front, demanding all the used Seltzer bottles on the premises and 3 slices with Pepperoni and Extra Cheese.

Papa Salteen, realizing what is going on, asks one of the Indians to put him back in his wheelchair. Sioux Indians, always aware of Continental Etiquette, oblige Papa.

Once Papa Salteen is in command of the situation at hand, he asks what is the Indian's True Mission. The Chief, realizing that Papa was a man who possessed extraordinary courage, and a bad case of gas, answered Papa.

"We look for Big Mac".

Papa had no Idea whom the Chief was referring to, thus a puzzled look appeared on Papa's Face. The Chief spoke again. "Need Pow Wow with Big Mac, Chief Deserve Break Today." This time it was all clear to Papa Salteen. These 300 Sioux Indians wanted a Session with Ray Kroc, the President of McDonald's and owner of the San Diego Padres, to discuss Cubism and its effect on Neo-Classicism, and until they were granted that request Papa, Mama, Herbert, the best Neuro-Surgeon Sears could offer, and 32 Belly Dancing Furniture Salesmen would be held as hostages. But, Have No Fear! Quick Thinking Papa Salteen Had a Plan.

First, he offered the 300 Sioux Indians Diplomatic Immunity in Poland. Secondly, he asked the 32 Belly Dancing Furniture Salesmen to Stop Quoting the Service Warranties on the back of the Chairs in the Hut. Thirdly, he asked if anyone had any Rollaids to cure his Gas.

Suddenly there was a knock on the

Door. When Papa Salteen opened it, to his relief it was Ray Kroc, all prepared for this intensive discussion with the Sioux Indians. Mr. Kroc brought with him 35 examples of Cubism and 35 examples of Neo-Classicism (which he held to be the higher of the two forms), and 5,000 Quarter Pounders with Cheese.

The Debate lasted many days. The Sioux were split on the question, while Kroc stuck fiercely to his Neo-Classical Position. Finally, during the Fiftieth day of Debate, the Sioux Indian Chief had to tinkle, so the debate was stopped for 5 Minutes. The Tinkler asked Papa where the Bathroom was, so Papa pointed towards the door marked Hombres.

Upon Entering the Bathroom, our Indian friend found Mama Salteen, Her head Imbedded in the Toilet Bowl, Praying. The Indian was so touched at the sight of this now Prune Faced Woman, Praying for her Hut back, so that she could try this new brand of Floor Cleaner she bought, that our benevolent Chief demanded an end to this discussion with the final outcome to be considered a draw. A few protested the Chief's decision. However, resistance to his position was so minor that his proposal carried almost unanimously.

Mama Salteen, upon hearing this joyous news, decided to serve Saliva Burgers to Everyone. This Idea of Mama's went over so big that Ray Kroc offered to buy the Recipe for Saliva Burgers from Mama for 3 Million Dollars, but Mama refused to divulge it because it was an old family recipe, handed down for centuries which must stay in the family. Ray Kroc, though disappointed, understood and no longer asked Mama for the recipe.

Finally the moment came when everyone had to say goodbye. Everyone vowed to meet again at the Haddasah Beach Party in Atlantic City. It was truly a tearful parting as the Salteens bid farewell to their Dear Friends.

Mama Salteen began to try out her new floor cleaner, so as not to let her grief show. Papa and Herbert decided to go to sleep after such a tiring ordeal. 15 Minutes Later Mama Salteen tied a Wet Sponge to her ankle and decided to go to bed as well. As Mama Salteen tucked Herbert into his Oxygen Tent, another day had ended in the Life of the Salteens. Only God and Jim Croce know what adventures lie ahead for them in the future.

Tune in again next issue, faith fans, when mama roller skates nude on top of the pizza hut, Grandpa Adolph brings over his machine gun, and young Gwen embarrasses the crippled family again!

**UNION
CRYBABE**

Mail Order Babies?

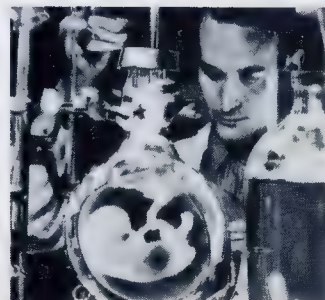


WHY NOT? (WE'RE ALWAYS THINKING.)



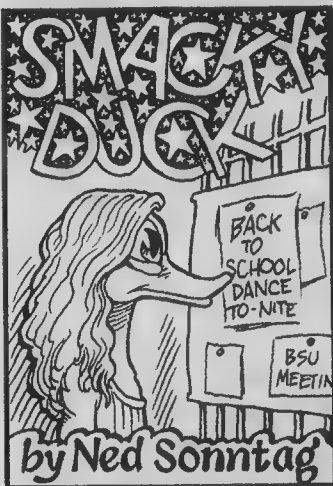
When the pioneers first came to the Great Plains in the 1800's, sure, the sweat and pain of childbirth was part of that rugged life. But in the "now" world of today, Union Crybabe is replacing birthpains with efficient and worry-free babies.

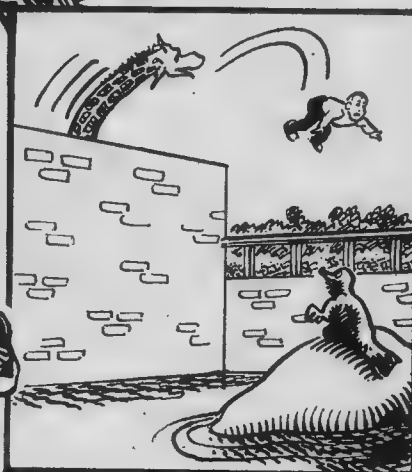
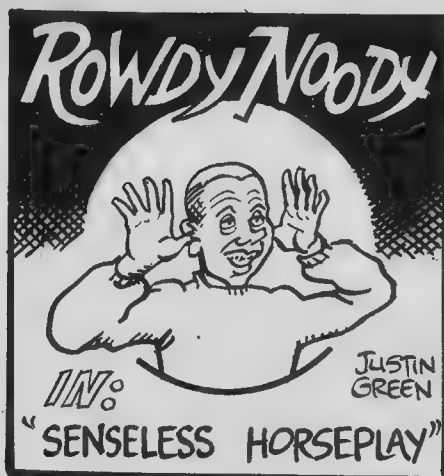
At Union Crybabe, we're always thinking of new ways to upgrade life and the stodgy work of nature. With your sperm sample, we can have a working child at your doorstep in Less Than Two Months. No messy afterbirth, no fussy relatives to contend with, and no risk of a dud. **At Union Crybabe, we're crating tomorrow's leaders.**





HARPOON'S CARTOONS





I TELL YOU HONEY, I JUST COULDN'T BELIEVE IT WAS TRUE. ME, BETTY-JO SIMMONS, GOIN' TO A FANCY COLLEGE AND HAVIN' A BIG OL' FOOTBALL PLAYER STUCK ON ME. MY FIRST IVY LEAGUE BEAU! HE WAS...

CAPTAIN of my HEART!



THE BIG LUG
CRACKED UP AND
WENT **SAPPY**
BECAUSE OF YOU!

I... I...
OH LEAVE
ME ALONE...
PLEASE!

IF YOU HAD TO STOP
SLEEPING AROUND,
WHY DID IT HAVE TO
BE THE NIGHT BEFORE
THE BIG GAME?!

Rude Romances



I'LL JUST PINCH MYSELF TO
PROVE IT'S ALL NOT JUST
A DREAM...

I MEAN IT,
I REALLY
FELL INTO A
SWEET DEAL.
WHY, WHEN I
WENT TO MY
FIRST DANCE
THOSE PEOPLE
WERE JUST
ABOUT DRIP-
PING MONEY.



HE ASKED ME TO DANCE, AND I DID MY BEST TO LET HIM KNOW, THAT MY CHARMS ARE ALL THE REAL THING!

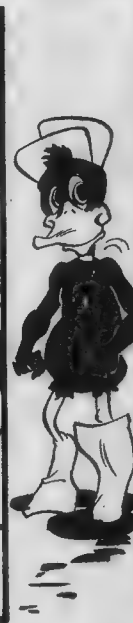


A LITTLE LATER I JOINED THE GIRLS OUT IN THE KITCHEN FOR A SNACK AND THE USUAL POST DANCE "CAT SESSION"...





OF COURSE I WAS A SLUT! IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET THE MONEY FOR MY EYE OPERATION! I'D NEVER CHARGED BEFORE!



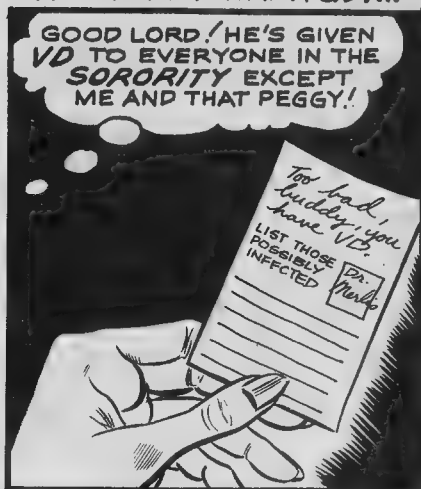
BUT SUDDENLY THE HEADLINES WERE BEING SHOUTED, AND, YOU KNOW... THAT BOY HAD GUILT WRITTEN ALL OVER HIS FACE!



ALL THAT MONEY, BUT I COULDN'T TAKE A CHANCE...



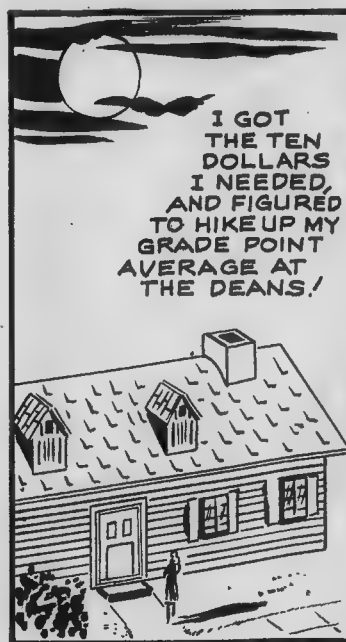
ON ACCOUNT OF WHAT I'D FOUND IN HACK'S COAT POCKET. THE DOCTORS NOTICE SAID HE HAD THAT DREAD DISEASE, AND THERE WAS A LIST...



MY MIND REELING WITH DOUBTS AND FEARS, I WAITED UNTIL PEGGY WAS GONE, THEN I RAN OUT INTO THE RAIN. I WANTED TO WALK ON AND ON...



HOURS, OR WAS IT MINUTES, LATER I FOUND MYSELF STARING UP AT THE LOOMING BULK OF THE NOW SILENT, LONELY FOOTBALL STADIUM...



I SLOWLY WALKED BACK TO THE SORORITY HOUSE, MENTALLY CLINKING THE THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER OF A JUDAS...



IF THERE WAS ANY OTHER WAY, I WOULD'VE STUCK WITH THE MONEY. BUT, YOU SEE, I'M ALLERGIC TO PENNICILLIN!

THE NEXT MORNING THE CAMPUS BUZZED WITH RUMORS AND GOSSIP.



SHE DROPPED HACK LIKE A PIECE OF DOG SHIT, ERNIE!

WHERE ARE MY EYE-GLASSES?

I HEARD... BZZZ... BZZZ

AT GAME TIME I TRIED TO FIND A SEAT APART FROM THE SORORITY... BUT PEGGY AND HER CROWD CAME AND SAT ALL AROUND ME...



YOU HAVE NO SCHOOL SPIRIT, AND YOU RUINED HIM FOR THE REST OF US!

BITCH! HACK BARTON ISN'T STARTING THE GAME!



HACK BARTON WOULD HAVE FILLED THAT HOLE!

WE'RE LOST WITHOUT HACK!

LOOK! THEY'RE GOING FOR A TOUCHDOWN!

AT THE HALF, STATE WAS BEHIND THOSE SEVEN POINTS... SEVEN POINTS THAT I HAD GIVEN OUR RIVALS...



HOLD THAT LINE

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO HELP THE GAMBLERS CLEAN UP TODAY... STATE WAS THE FAVORITE, BUT THE GAMBLERS BET THE OTHER WAY!

I ADMIT I BET AGAINST THE TEAM, BUT Y'ALL KNOW I DIDN'T GET OUT OF SLATE JUNCTION BY BEING STUPID!



HEY, LOOK, HACK BARTON'S IN AT END!

HOLD ON, LOTHAR, I'M COMING!!!

HE GOT A MESSAGE FROM THE DOC!

I SAT STUNNED AS THE FINAL MINUTES OF THE GAME TICKED AWAY



I'D BEEN BURNED! I LOST A PILE OF MONEY AND HACK TOO!



BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THINGS TO START LOOKING UP!



AND SO THE DREAMS OF A LIFETIME COME TRUE. I'LL BE A RICH WIDOW BEFORE I'M NINETEEN, SUGAR!





"THE CASTLE OF THE PYRENEES"

FROGMAN





MAYBE THERE'S
SOMETHING ABOUT
IT IN THE NEWS.

ANN, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT
THIS MEANS... THIS IS JUST
THE BEGINNING. DO YOU KNOW
WHAT ELSE MAGRITTE
PAINTED?

"TWO WHITE WOMEN WERE
SLAIN IN THE BAY AREA
BY AN UNIDENTIFIED
BLACK MAN LAST NIGHT.
POLICE ARE SEARCHING..."



FOOD TURNED TO STONE; A ROSE
THAT FILLS UP AN ENTIRE ROOM;
A TRAIN COMING OUT OF A
FIREPLACE... SOON, THERE
WOULDN'T BE ANY PROPORTION OR
LOGIC LEFT TO REALITY.

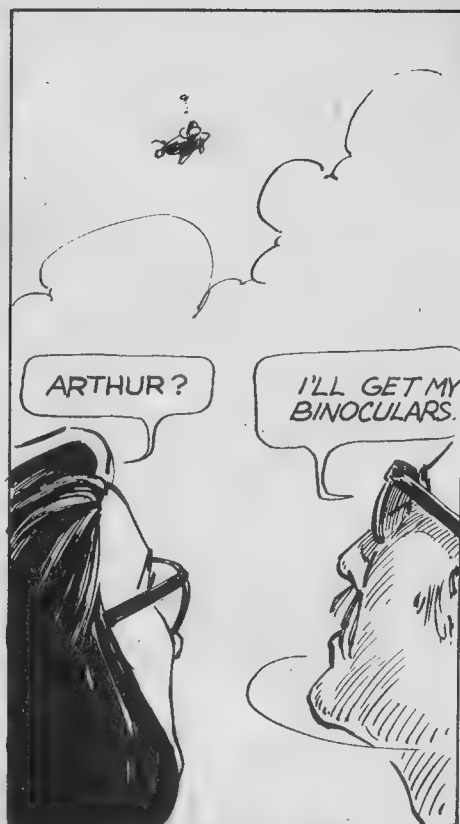
"... STILL ON THE MOVE, SECRETARY
KISSINGER STOPS OFF IN PARIS ON HIS
WAY HOME FROM SYRIA WHERE HE
HOPES TO NEGOTIATE..."

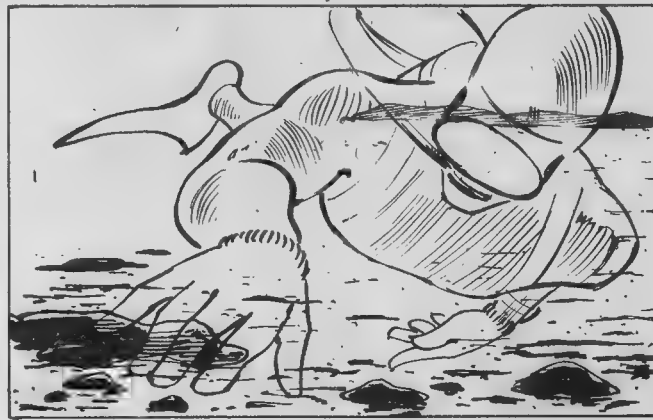
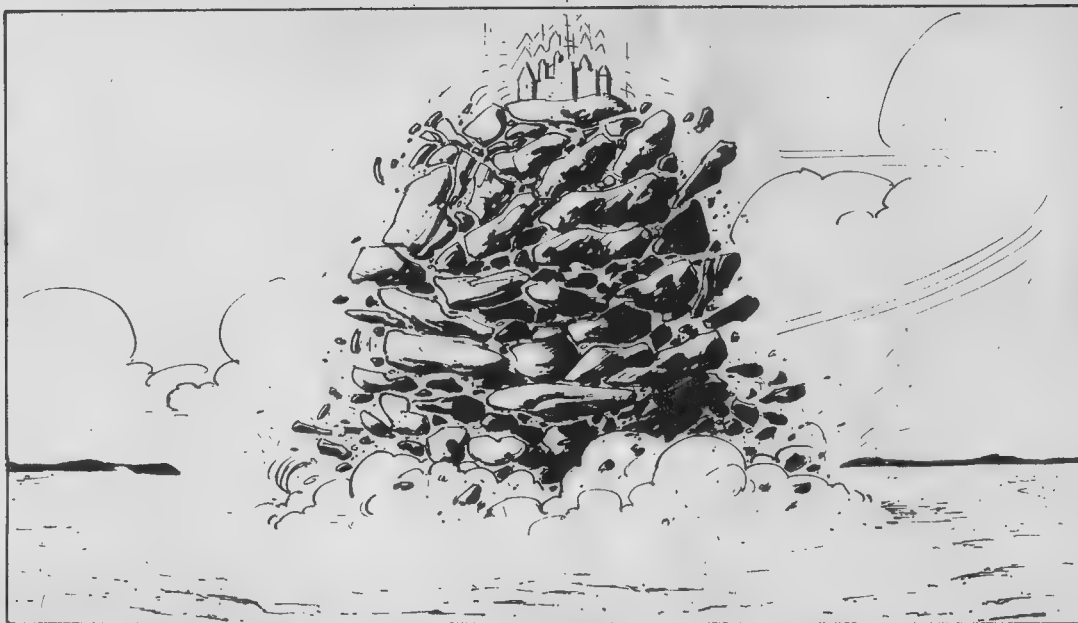


IT'S ALL OVER.



MEANWHILE



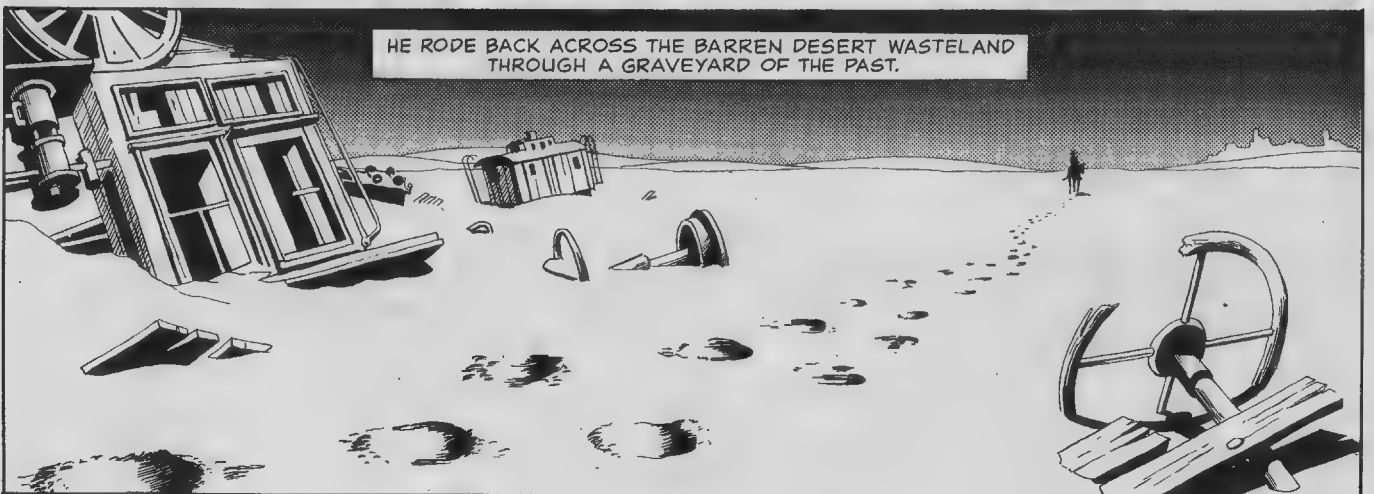
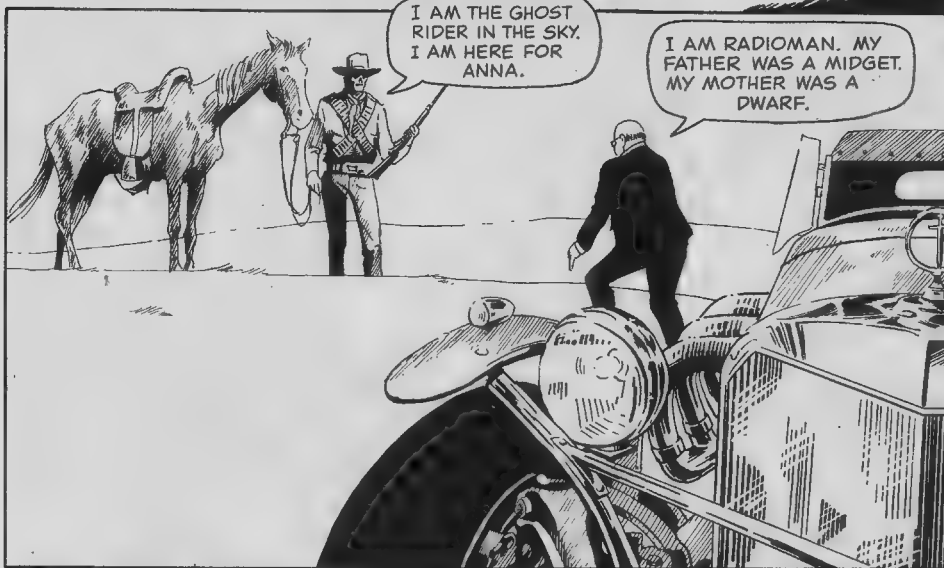
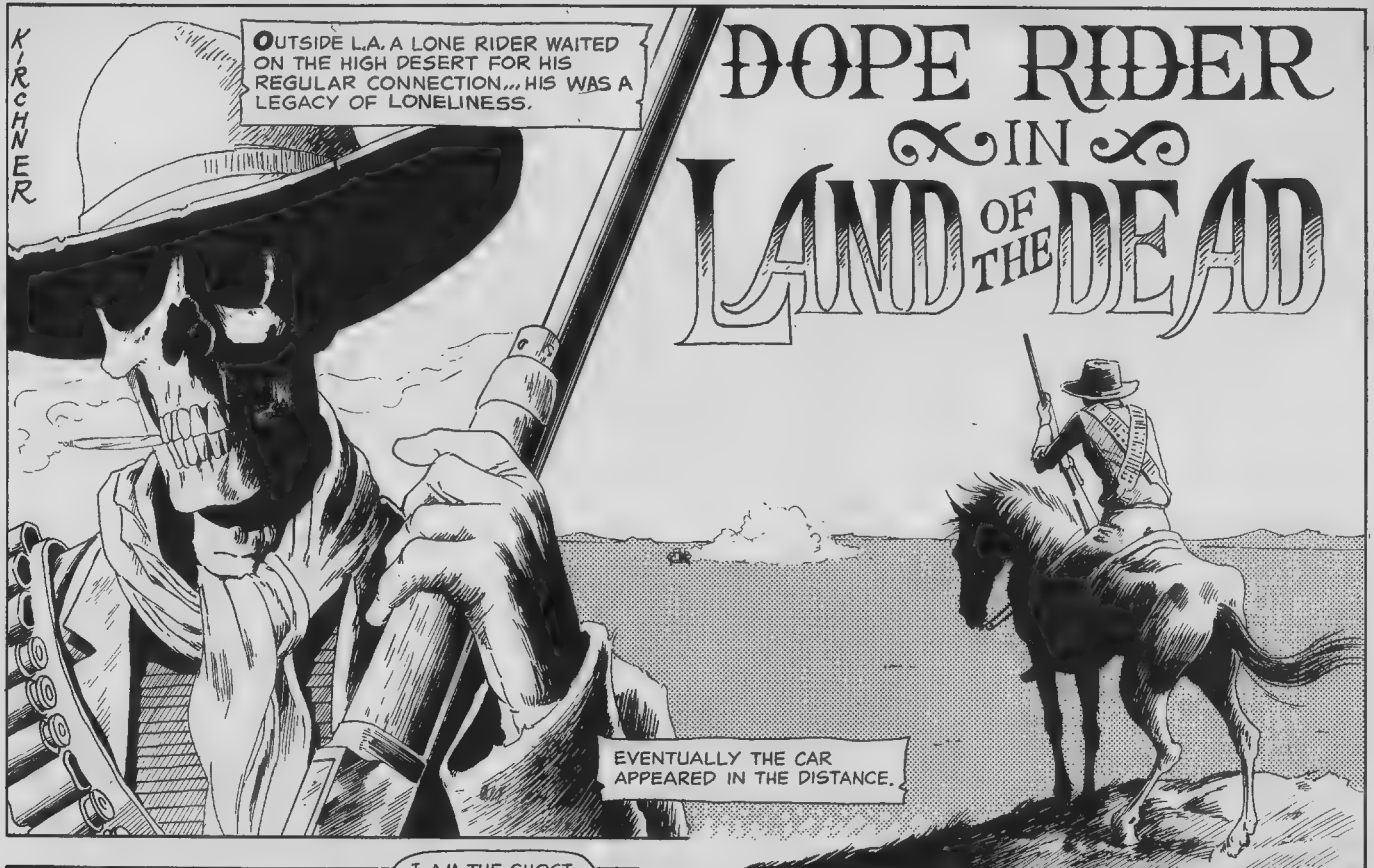


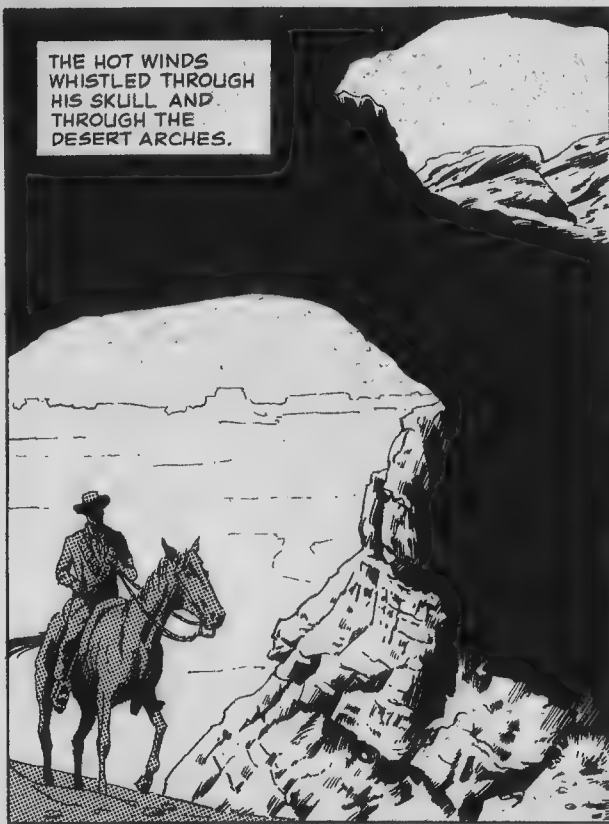
HE'S GONE!

YEAH, WELL...
HOW ABOUT
A DRINK?

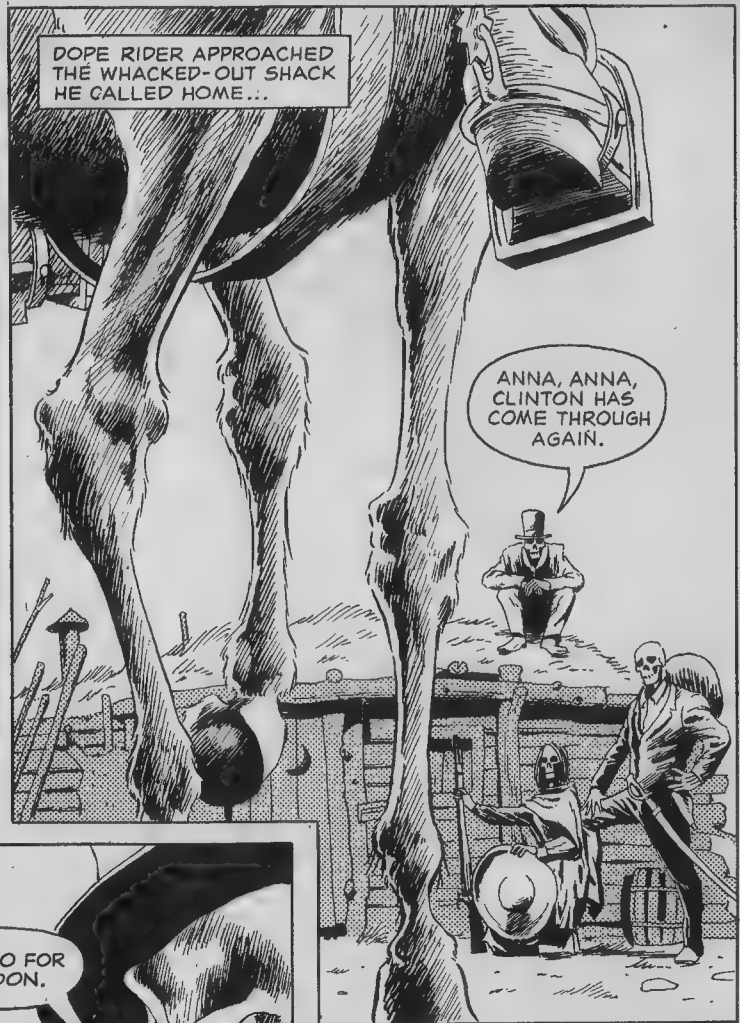
OUTSIDE L.A. A LONE RIDER WAITED ON THE HIGH DESERT FOR HIS REGULAR CONNECTION... HIS WAS A LEGACY OF LONELINESS.

DOPE RIDER IN LAND OF THE DEAD





THE HOT WINDS WHISTLED THROUGH HIS SKULL AND THROUGH THE DESERT ARCHES.



DOPE RIDER APPROACHED THE WHACKED-OUT SHACK HE CALLED HOME...

ANNA, ANNA, CLINTON HAS COME THROUGH AGAIN.



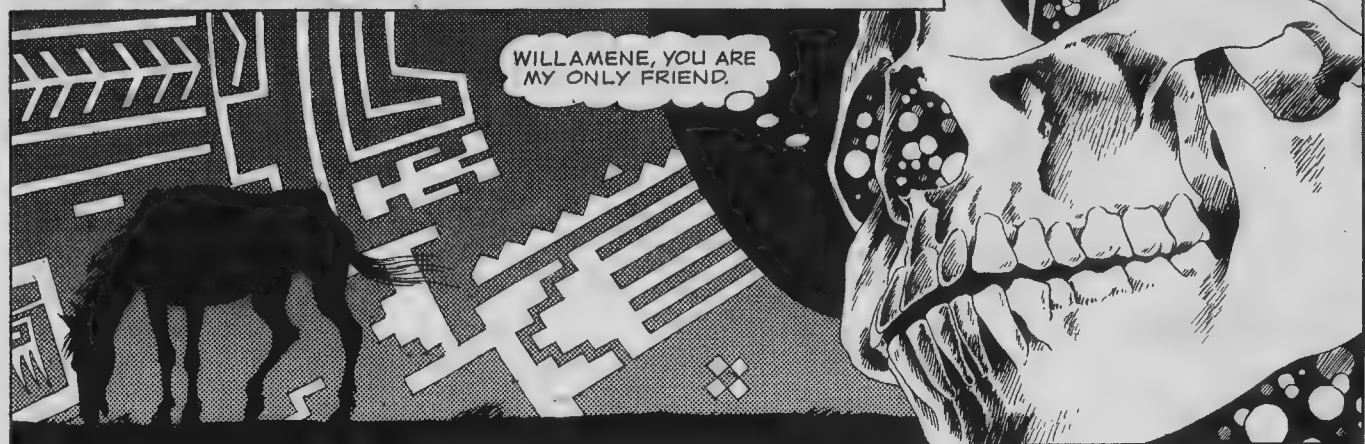
THEN I RUSH, AND I RUN...

I FEEL LIKE JESUS SON...

SURE BEATS THE VALLEY.

WE WILL GO FOR MORE SOON.

THE RIDER GOT ON TO POLISHING HIS SADDLE, AND SHARPENING HIS SPURS. HIS HORSE NOSED IN THE SAND FOR VEGETATION. HIS FRIENDS HAD LONG SINCE LOST THEIR CRAVINGS, AND THE CAMP WAS AT REST.



WILLAMENE, YOU ARE MY ONLY FRIEND.

Heather and Feather

in "Back to school"





CLASSIFIED



OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

PARENTS FOR SALE. Bored son would like to off-load whiney/uptight parents to right couple for fair price.. Might take quad stereo equipment in trade or '55 Chevy in good condition.

LACKLUSTER MOMENTS. Crushing bore offers incomparable selection of pointless occurrences in his life to anyone who wants to trade straight for their mild moments or up to 20/1 for best moments.

COMMUNICATION. Man with nothing to say would like to get in touch with someone who likes to talk. Will listen to anyone's theories, reminiscences. Enjoys tedious rhetoric, can stay awake for four or five days if necessary. Asks \$1.60/hour for undivided attention. For more \$ will fart in your face while you talk, ram head repeatedly into wall or chew on your shoes.

RAISE MIDGETS in your spare time. Twelve seeds for \$20. Send to Midgets, Box 6373637, Pourtsmouth, Va.

ORIENTALS. You get 500 to begin collector's set. Build your own railroad. Send ten cents to Chataqua Gen Delivery, China Town Station, S.F.

MAKE YOUR VOICE leave the room. Send 98c. to JuJu Magic, Wanachie, N.J.

CHANGE YOUR NATIONALITY. Famous lawyer tells you how. Up to 50 changes possible. \$2.00 can stop people from calling you an "alien" or "spore"

VIET NAM VETS! Learn how to install doornobs with your feet. Ten week course, only \$39.99. Write: Doornobs, Box 902, Kabob, Nevada.

UNDRESS ENVELOPES with your eyes! Be able to read others' mail without them ever suspecting. Amaze local mailman with your powers. Write: Eyes, Box 1414, N.Y.C.

LIKE COMMUTING? Position now open as tramp on Brooklyn F train; must supply own shopping bags. Call Transit Replacements, 555-9300.

WHY BOTHER? ... reading these stupid debasing advertisements for people and things that don't even exist? Why not get a job, or watch TV?

HIGHWAY PARTOL—Join exciting group of young men destined to wield .357 magnum in faces of helpless drivers. Little knowledge required, but

good judgement necessary in determining which travellers are better than others.

STUDENTS DESPERATELY needed to perpetrate education myth at most small colleges, buy up textbooks, fill classrooms for despondent teachers. Bluejeans and ball point are all you need.

FANATIC MORALIST. Always right, on any issue. Has argued points before God, other notables. Willing to take on tough moral nuts you can't crack, give you the decisions you need. No compromises, rationalizations, backdoor logic. Money back guarantee.

TWIGS. Man who likes to snap twigs in half works for conservative, prestigious firm. Must keep habit secret. Needs lots of little twigs. Prefers beech and maple but will consider hickory, ash, etc. Top prices to right person. Good job for child who needs to learn value of money.

PEANUT BUTTER/IBEX ON ALBANIAN SOURDOUGH. Sandwich collector needs items to expand collection of 2,378 sandwiches. Has all well known American favorites, wants foreign ones. Possible trades. Write for details. Has killed for salami au gratin.

HAT ENTERTAINMENT. Amazing device will entertain your hat while you're not wearing it. Spins hat on finger-like device, tips it, tosses it in the air, keeps it busy while you attend to other things. Keep one at the office, one at home. You'll feel like a new man.

BIRD DROPPINGS. Send in bird, animal droppings, have them worked up into interesting replicas of famous art works like The Thinker, Venus de Milo. etc. Only an expert can tell the difference. Interesting novelty impact when you reveal the secret and low cost. Others will wonder.

EXISTENTIAL PLAIN. Rarefied atmosphere, double strength horizon, lack of dimension allows you moments of ennui and the anguish of indecision without the heartbreak of personal vilification or the boredom of anal flatulence.

FUNGUS FREAK wants to meet people with interesting bacterial growths on their faces, hands. Write Warts, Lumpus, Illinois.

ASTHMATIC RUBBER LOVER seeks to meet hairdipped Saint Bernard with drooling experience. Discreet. Box 8, Eerie, Pa.

NEW PRESIDENT needed for major American country. Present man unsure of future plans. Tough job, lots of heckling, but good kick-back subsistence.

HELPLESS INVALID. Quad amputee knows Kung-Fu, says he can deliver crippling blows to any attacker. Dares people who think they can handle his attack to call him collect to arrange for encounter. Will fight with his head tied behind his back if necessary to get attention he says he deserves in world that doesn't care.

BUG EATER Woman eats bugs, insects. Would like to get in touch with suppliers who knows bugs and are into bug odors and bug humor. Likes stink bugs and flies best, but will eat anything with crunch shell and acidic innards that puts up good fight.

RENTALS

PENTHOUSE FLOOR now available. Put it down wherever you wish. Fits most spacious buildings. Comes in blue, magenta, and Aubergene.

HANDICRAFT FANS. Couple with taste built this 54-room home by hand from sea shells, driftwood, dead fish, condoms and other found objects from Coney Island beaches. Held together with paper clips and bottle caps, rugs fashioned from shopping bags, davenport from Col. Sanders buckets, lamp fixtures from auto fenders, kitchen utensils from peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

HORSE'S ASS. Some don't like tight fit, lack of space, but air blow-by and bowel commotion add excitement. Live in wide open spaces with the at-hand convenience of the modern efficiency apartment. Grand view. Owner handles all maintenance and repairs.

LIVE NOWHERE. If you've given up trying to find the right place this could be for you. When you live no place you're at home everywhere but no one can find you. You're neither here nor there. You won't be bothered. No one will care.

CARDBOARD BOX. Lying on its side in alkaline lake in southern Idaho. Needs paint, some plumbing, but no stains or odors. No one to bug you when you need time away to get your trip together. Shown by appointment only.

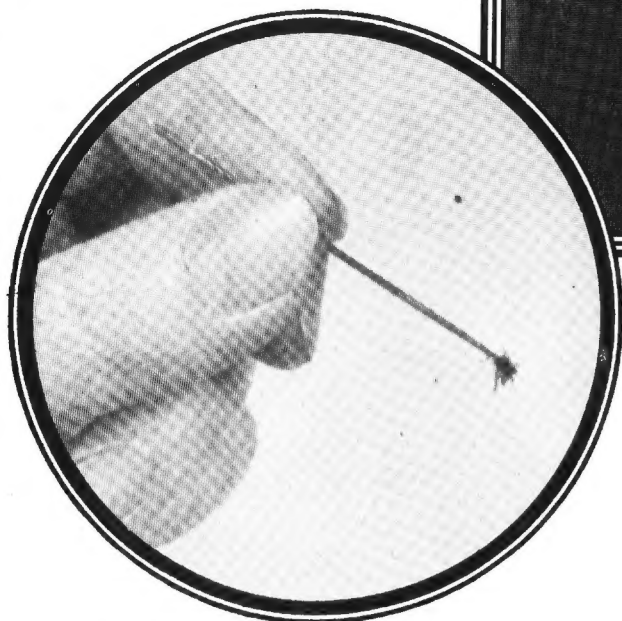
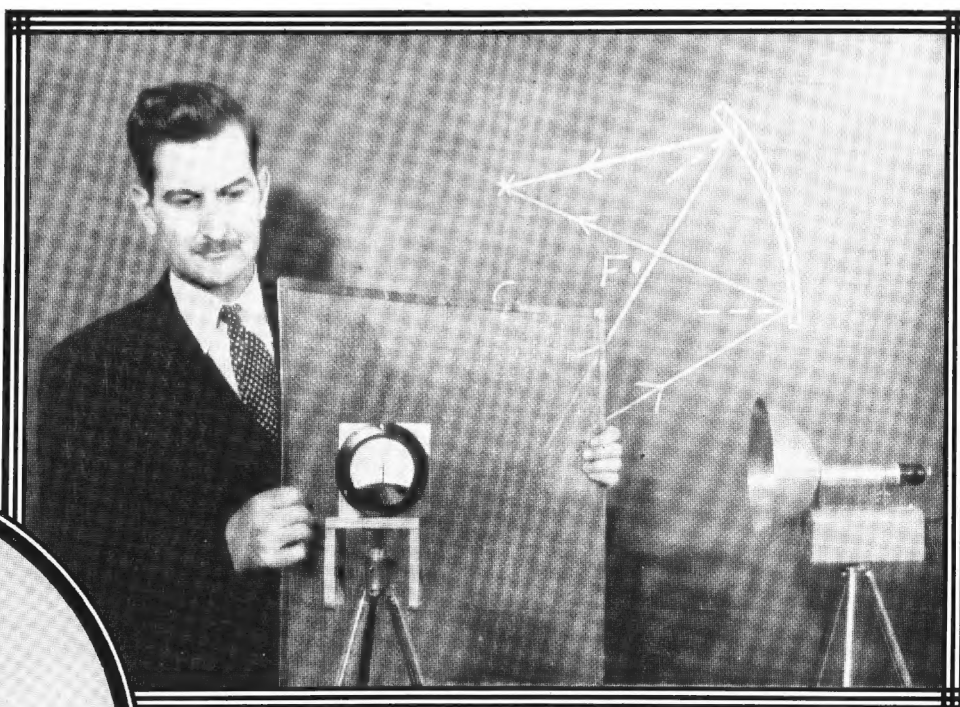
KILL THE FULLER BRUSH MAN. This 3-bedroom ranch-style dwelling features gadgets that mean business. Sawed-off 12 gauge shotgun built into front door lets you settle things quick. Impale people who bore you on spring-loaded beds of two-foot spikes from comfort of your radio-controlled recliner command chair. Strafe streets with .50 cal machinegun fire from armored roof turret. All devices licensed by LAPD as part of crime prevention program.

Milestones in SCIENCE



Occasionally Harpoon will offer the uninitiated a passing glance at some of the more important scientific discoveries of this century, and of other eras. It is our firm feeling that only the invention of the wheel and the ballpoint pen surpass the work depicted here, and perhaps the pyramids.

1962 The invention of the window screen. Professor Arthur Wind of Catalpa University tests an early prototype. Baffled at first by the non-transparent nature of metal, Prof. Wind was able to rid his project of mystery by simply holding his "screen" with two hands, while standing between a refraction diagram and two photometers. Although blind from birth, the Professor can "feel the light" passing through the screen. Since 1962, the Prof. has managed to perfect the invention of the window screen at his Iowa home.

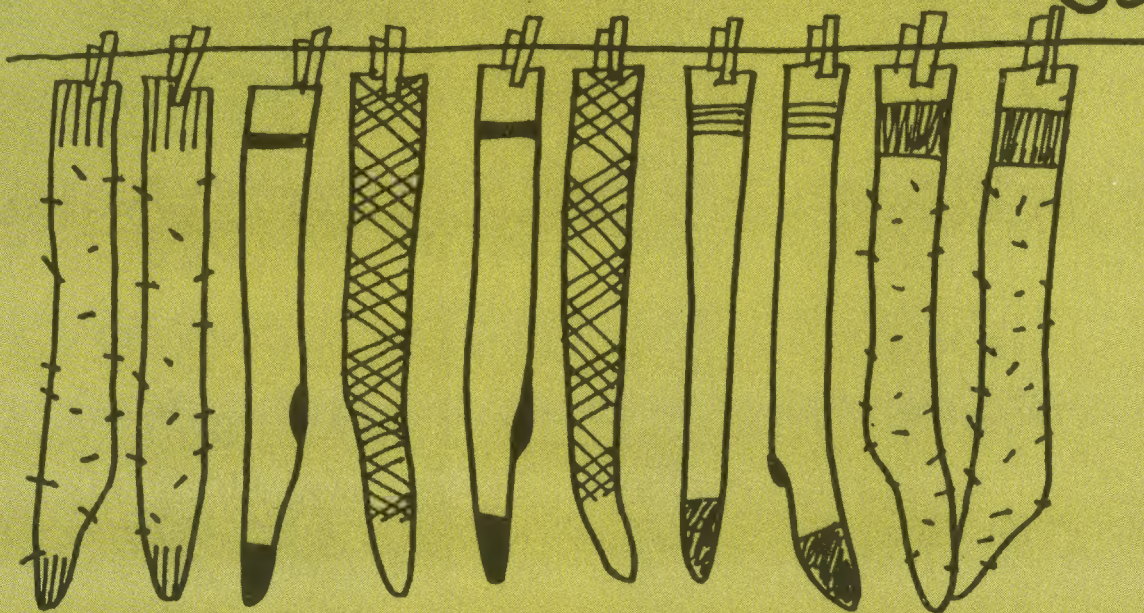


1939 The discovery of dust. Late in the thirties, these particles of what we now know as dust were found under a chair in a library in London. Scientists immediately went to work to determine the import of the new element. Although the latter has never been completely determined, men have been poking the tip of a common sewing needle into dust for years in hope of finding out even more about the strange substance.

1953 Henry Thrombeau, a French journalist and part-time garage mechanic puts the finishing touches on his invention, the wicker chair. Thrombeau combined Yaqui weaving techniques and his own knowledge of the human posterior to create this unforgettable piece, which has become a classic both at the Jersey Shore and elsewhere.



WHAT TO DO AFTER YOU'VE WASHED YOUR SOCKS,



FIRST, RINSE OUT YOUR BATHTUB. CALL
 UP YOUR FRIENDS. ^{→ LOTS OF THEM} THROW 3 BLOCKS OF ICE IN IT.
 THROW 25 QTS. OF JOSE CUERVO IN. 102 QTS OF ORANGE
 JUICE. CARAMBA! NOW YOU HAVE A CUERVO SUNRISE
 (IT GETS RID OF WASH DAY BLUES.)
 THE ONLY THING LEFT TO DO
 IS ADD THE GRENADINE.
 EITHER 8 QUARTS IN
 THE TUB OR A DOLLOP
 IN THE GLASS.
 STIR IT.

ITS MORE FUN
 THAN STIRRING
 SOCKS.

JOHN



**Another
Black & White,
bartender.
I have a heavy
date tonight.**

**A
Saint
Bernard?
Arf.**

